The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1905.

The Week.

The Scandinavians not only have set the world a good example in settling their differences peacefully, but have given a lift to the general cause of arbitration. One article of the treaty for the separation of Norway and Sweden provides for the submission of future disputes to the Hague Court. There is the usual reservation of matters affecting "the independence, integrity, or vital interests of either"; but another clause sets forth that the question whether any controversy *does* affect "vital interests" shall itself be left to arbitration. This is a far-sighted and humane plan of making international deadlocks over trifles almost impossible.

While our Government is preparing, by putting the coastwise shipping laws into effect next January, to raise freight rates upon our Philippine trade, news comes of a rate war between the inter-island transportation companies and the foreign lines running to Hongkong. The latter have just put into effect such low rates to and from Iloilo, Cebu, and Zamboanga that it will be economy for these ports to trade with Hongkong rather than Manila. The situation is said to be regarded at Washington as one of the most serious since our acquisition of the Philippines. Naturally, this menace to the carefully nurtured trade within the archipelago is almost as exasperating a spectacle as if New York, Philadelphia, and Boston were suddenly to cease the interchange of commodities and to trade only with Liverpool. Our "gateway to the Orient" seems to be working like one of those patent doors which merely let the person ahead get halfway upstairs before they admit the next at all. The case comes into the greater prominence because, while we refused to develop the trade of the islands with us by tariff concessions, and are putting an additional obstacle in the form of shipping laws, we were going to build railroads and also to bring the separate islands into closer touch. So if the foreigner interferes with this, what will be left?

Congressman Herbert Parsons returns from Manila delighted to find that the "principle of the Philippines for the Filipinos" pervades the whole insular government. He also discovered that "all the Filipino political parties are now in favor of independence." Yet they can't have it, for, "to a practical-minded people like us," all their political talk is "academic." So it seems that the "principle" is to be allowed to work only when convenient. We must "educate the rising generation," Mr. Parsons tells us, by the sight of a good American government, before we can listen to a suggestion of independence. But he is not so sure that the government we are giving them is good. "I must confess that while everything was being well done, a great deal of money was being spent—more, probably, than the islands could afford." Thus we are to educate the rising generation in extravagance and bankruptcy. This shows us that the lot of the Filipino is harder than we thought. He has not only to submit to our enforced rule, but he has to rack his brains to try to explain our logical contradictions.

President Amador and the Isthmian Canal Commission, it is reported, are endeavoring to attract Spanish workmen from the famine-stricken districts of their country. The theory sounds like a good one. That men will only change their home and employment in order to improve their condition is axiomatic. Efforts to induce the class of laborers wanted at Panama to give up other jobs in this country have not been wholly successful. Very well, hunt out those places on the face of the earth which are even worse off than Panama. There are almost always famines and pestilences to be found somewhere; only the other day Calabria was devastated by earthquakes, and here and there a revolution is raising its horrid head. Some Russians, we believe, have already come to the Isthmus to escape something worse. So the dirt may be made to fly by the exertions of honest workingmen who have jumped out of a dozen transatlantic frying pans into the Panama fire. We may be a little colder than of yore in our welcome at New York or San Francisco to the poor immigrant, but two thousand miles to the south we shall continue to maintain a refuge for the downtrodden and oppressed and unfortunate from all lands. The canal may yet reach the proud distinction of coming to be regarded as an international charity-woodyard.

It is apparently the craven fear of being little which moves the republic of Panama to seek to annex Costa Rica The jokes about the Panamitos may have gone home. But what is the motive of Costa Rica? Is it not to slip quietly under the feathers of the eagle? Perhaps the Costa Ricans have not been deceived by all the *opéra bouffe* of our "recognition" of Panama, and our punctilious treatment of that tiny and feeble entity as if it were entitled to sovereign honors. They may be political realists who look hard at the substance of things, and so may have convinced themselves that a great American annexation movement is afoot—"from Hudson's Bay to the Isthmus"—with the inference that they will do well to get in early.

Cubans take their politics more tragically than we do, and it is not so portentous an event as our daily press sought to make it out, that the preliminaries of a Cuban Presidential election have led to violence and murder. The blood is hot in Cuba, but it is absurd to talk of what occurred at Cienfuegos being a premonition of revolution, or proving that the Government is not able to protect property and life. Least of all is it a case for jumping at the duty of the United States to intervene. We reserved the right to do so, under the Platt amendment which we forced upon Cuba, "for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." Those are vague terms, but it would be a malign interpretation which should stretch them to cover the crimes in Cienfuegos on Friday. From all the evidence at hand, the authorities had the situation in full control, and nobody's life was in danger except that of brawlers. If political murders are a proof of the destruction of government, our own was destroyed long ago—ask ex-Gov. Black about the Troy politician-murderer whom he prosecuted. No doubt, the unhappy occurrence in Cuba will be used for political advantage in the canvass, just as it would be here.

Stand-pattism has its by-products in the shape of suggestions for raising more money for the Government without touching the tariff. There is scarcely one of the special war taxes of 1898 that some statesman has not seriously advocated reimposing this year. Even the chewing-gum tax has its champions again. Representative Tawney, who was one of the "insurgents" of three years ago, but now regards it as "possible to avoid any legislation of an extensive character during this fiscal year," brings up alcoholic proprietary medicines for sacrifice. Commissioner Yerkes has really anticipated him in making these concoctions a source of revenue, for his recent decision classing them as liquors will, if sustained, bring in a large sum annually. But there is one obstacle to putting a bill through Congress. If we are to trust the published testimonials, our national lawmakers have been among the most constant users of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sovereign remedies in question. One manufacturer of these, if memory serves, recently published a broadside endorsement from fourteen M.C.'s and ex-M.C.'s who had "used it with beneficial effect." It is on record that one member, ex-Congressman Powers of Vermont, gave testimonials to three different medicines, all of which were freely used in advertising. The patent-medicine Trust, if there is one, has not a Senator of its own, but it has surely toned up enough official constitutions to demand a few favors in return.

Senator Dolliver evidently strove to put the case mildly when he said, in a speech to the Iowa editors a few days ago concerning the demand for tariff revision: "It will require a good deal of persuasion to induce Congress to fix a maximum schedule at the point of protection, and give over to the President the right, within limits, to reduce it by wholesale or retail in favor of countries commercially friendly to us." It will also require a good deal of "persuasion" to induce Congress to fix a minimum schedule and give the President the right to raise it as a trade club against our commercial enemies. Without departing from the text of Senator Dolliver's speech, it would not be hard to prove that something more than persuasion will be required to bring about any action whatever in regard to the tariff. The President is kept fully informed of the danger of "business disturbances that follow tariff legislation," as well as the "political disturbances which might cost his Administration its majority in the House of Representatives." The Senator was not indulging in generalities when he added: "These are all matters which the President is bound to weigh in the relations which he holds to the party throughout the country." Tariff revision would imperil the harvests; reciprocity is a bubble blown by Mr. Kasson and Mr. Foss; but, for a real issue, says Senator Dolliver, watch the progress of the railway rate-regulation fight in the Senate next winter.

"It seems to me," said District Attorney Morrison in Chicago on Thursday, "that the Government is in a fair way of breaking off the entire rebate evil in this country." What, without more laws? Has it been all a mistake, then, to mix up the rebate question with the project to give the Interstate Commerce Commission, or some other body, the power to decree railroad rates? So it would seem. Under existing law, we see representatives of a powerful corporation indicted, brought into court, compelled to plead guilty, and to pay fines of $25,000. No Esch-Townsend bill was necessary, no extra session of Congress, but just a plain enforcement of the statutes now on the books. We note, also, that it was not an impersonal corporation that was indicted and fined—not the indefinite Packing Company, but its officials by name, the said Weil, Cusey, Skipworth, and Todd. This is a clear violation of the legal precedent laid down by Roosevelt, J., in the case of Paul Morton.

This success in punishing the takers of rebates should help to clear the Congressional—and even a more illustrious—mind. Read the arguments made in the House, last session, in favor of conferring the rate-making power on the Interstate Commerce or some other commission, examine the newspaper articles on the same subject, and you will find the practice of giving secret rebates adduced as the one conclusive reason for the new law. It was not shown how the two things were connected. No answer was forthcoming when it was asked why there might not be rebates from rates fixed by the Government, as well as from those posted by the railroads themselves. It was enough to cry out upon the enormous injustice of rebates, and whoop the bill through. That ought not to be possible again. We have now discovered that the law we have is adequate to the work of striking at the giving or taking of railroad rebates. It is a crime, of course, always difficult of detection, but so it would be under the proposed new law as well as the old. The point is that the old is effective when rigorously executed. Hereafter, let the arguments for Government rate-making stand on their own bottom.

It is Senator against Senator on the question of forest reserves. At the moment when Heyburn of Idaho, a self-appointed critic of the Government's policy, issued his latest attack on the reserve system as applied to his State, Burkett of Nebraska was describing with enthusiasm the Administration's experiments in the Dismal River region north of the Platte. Mr. Heyburn bases his opposition to the Idaho reserve on the ground that the Government has allowed the Northern Pacific Railroad to abandon some 668,000 acres of land in the Cœur d'Alène, Priest River, and Shoshone reserves, and thereby set up a claim for an equal area of richer land. But the lieu-land law was repealed last March, and no scrip was issued when these reserves were established. Again, Senator Heyburn says bluntly, ignoring the conclusions of forestry experts, that it has not been proved that forests conserve rainfall. But the Senator from Nebraska, just back from an inspection of the 90,000 acres of sandhill land set apart in 1902 for experimental tree planting, says that the project should be encouraged. So far, the cost has not exceeded $5,000 a year, and already some 750,000 trees have been planted, over 35 per cent. of which are in a thrifty condition. Next spring a million young Western yellow and jack pines will be ready to transplant from the reserve nursery, and twice that number in 1907. Idaho's problem is to preserve her still abundant forests. Nebraska's is to redeem her wastes, largely created by the men who stripped the State of timber for railroad construction and fence building. Senator Heyburn should visit Senator Burkett's Dismal River constituency.

It was thought last winter, when the California Legislature voted to re-cede to the National Government the grant of 1864, embracing the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa grove of big trees, that the care and development of that splendid park in the Sierras had been assured. But now it appears that Congress did not specifically accept the recession, though it included in the sundry civil appropriation bill a clause providing $25,000 for the care of the park. The cattle and sheep men who have for years fought for the privilege of grazing in the Yosemite reservation, declare that neither Federal nor State authority extends over it, and are preparing to take their case to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, a commission made up of Major Chittenden of the United States Engineer Corps, who made Yellowstone Park what it is, Mr. Marshall, topographer of the United States Geological Survey, and an official of the general Land Office, have made a thorough investigation of the Yosemite region and recommend: First, that the name be changed to the Yosemite National Park; second, that all existing legislation pertaining to the park be repealed; third, that a new code of laws, similar to that in force in the Yellowstone, be enacted; fourth, that $100,000 be appropriated to acquire all private holdings within the reservation; and, fifth, that a road into the valley be built up the Merced cañon to make it more easily accessible. It is to be hoped that Congress will at least take steps to define its attitude toward the Yosemite so clearly that even a "sheep-raiser with a political pull" may not err therein.

The striking fact about the Baltimore primaries last week was that, in every one of the most important contests, the candidates supported by the Rasin organization were decisively defeated. That the organization thus "rebuked" is in favor of the Poe-Gorman negro suffrage amendment, while Gov. Warfield, an opponent of that measure, backed the successful candidates, is a fact that may mean much or little. It is common for those interested to see in the defeat of a particular organization the rejection of every policy for which it stands. Certainly, of the two anti-organization candidates for Senate nom-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inations in Baltimore, one made his canvass largely on his personal record, and the other had drawn up an elaborate platform which dealt chiefly with public utilities and made no mention whatever of the amendment. In a few of the fights, however, this seems to have been made a direct issue. One successful candidate for ward executive said that he attributed his election to his opposition to the "Poe law." "The descendants of foreign-born residents," he says, "men who are American in everything except the possession of a grandfather, as demanded by that law, are against it."

Four months after Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia vetoed the shameful resolution of the City Councils to lease the gas works for seventy-five years to a political corporation, the whole convention of the City Party marches in a body to greet him. This at least shows that the Quaker City's enthusiasm for reform is of a more lasting character than cynical comments in the early stages of the fight would have had it. As the city was slow beyond all others in being roused against its despoilers, there is now hope that its wrath will not abate until lasting results are achieved. The "ripper" bill, which Gov. Pennypacker signed, on the engaging theory that the people had a virtual referendum on the law, since they might, if they chose, elect legislators opposed to it before it went into effect, must be repealed and a personal registration law that will keep clean the now purged registration lists must be enacted; and this means two years of watchfulness and effort. Political reversals have been rapid in Philadelphia. The City Party, which last year was a negligible factor in the local election, is now taking the lead in the fight, and its ticket has been endorsed in its entirety by the Democrats. Weaver, long regarded as a perfectly complaisant figurehead for the machine, is now the militant apostle of the most sweeping reform, and a complete convert from the notion of "reform within the party" to which the Union League still clings. A third of a year at white heat is a rare political experience for any American city.

What some of his political opponents call a "play to the galleries" was made by Gov. Hanly in his statement concerning his removal of David E. Sherrick, auditor of Indiana, from office. At this distance its theatrical tone seems to have been quite lost, and the explanation looks suspiciously like the blunt assertion of a man who is too honest to make compromises with the devil. When the Governor learned that Sherrick had hopelessly involved himself and imperilled the State funds, he demanded the auditor's resignation. "The next morning," says Gov. Hanly, "his resignation did not come, but some of his friends did, and informed me that the money could be raised only on condition that the defalcation be kept secret and that he be retained in office." This was the test that the Governor could not stand. Instead of taking the view that "Dave" was a good fellow and should be given a chance to "make good" through his friends who were profiting by keeping him in office, Gov. Hanly decided that he could make no such bargain as that. Acceptance of the money to cover Sherrick's loss on those terms, says the Governor, "would have made me, as Governor of the State, a party to a contract of such a character as would have warranted my own impeachment and removal from office." Plain as the case is and straightforward as Gov. Hanly's statement is, there exists, as the Indianapolis *News* intimates, an overt depreciation of the Governor's action, with a covert attack on his motives. Apparently, Gov. Hanly does not understand the freemasonry of Indiana "practical" politics.

The testimony of George W. Perkins at the insurance investigation on Thursday makes one or two points pretty clear. The first is, that the New York Life has been engaged in "window dressing" for the annual report. When the company, on December 31, 1903, sold to J. P. Morgan & Co. $800,000 in International Mercantile bonds, and on January 2 bought them back again, the transaction was really fictitious. J. P. Morgan & Co. charged the New York Life $266.67, interest for two days at 6 per cent. This was practically nothing but a short-time loan, with the bonds as security. On December 31, 1903, the company sold $935,000 in New Orleans Terminal bonds—another poor investment—to W. S. Fanshawe, but later the company lent Mr. Fanshawe $935,000, taking the bonds as security; and this loan stood until Mr. Fanshawe sold the bonds. Whatever be the technical excuses offered, the object of these two "sales" was not to let policyholders know exactly the condition of the company's investments. These, we grant, are relatively small items; but the principle involved is a large one. Mr. Perkins further testified that the purchases of the New York Life from J. P. Morgan & Co. for the period during which he has been connected with both concerns amounted to $38,804,918.51; and Mr. Perkins's share of the profits, $10,412.57, has been returned to the insurance company. This is all very well as far as it goes. No one can deny, however, that the backing of such a large buyer has meant to J. P. Morgan & Co., and thus to Mr. Perkins personally, more than the mere sale of $38,804,918.51 in securities. The profits from the moral support of the New York Life can never be exactly calculated. This is the reason why the position of Mr. Perkins as a high officer of the insurance company, and as a partner of the banking house, has provoked so much suspicion and deserved censure.

Don't cry over spilt campaign funds, is reported to be the final wisdom evolved in the conferences at Oyster Bay on the subject of money illegally taken from life-insurance companies and given to the Republican party. "There is no way of returning funds that have been spent." If this decision is intended merely to reassure "campaign quartettes," or the laborious composers of campaign "songs," or the spellbinders who saved the country at so much a night, no one will object. They earned their cash at the cost of fearful discomfort to themselves and others, and should not be asked to disgorge. But how about the gentlemen who took the money for disbursement, knowing that the contribution was both immoral and illegal? Are they delivered from all qualms, and released from all obligations, simply because the funds are "spent"? That would be an odd defence in law for an embezzler, if he had an estate or a bond to be sued upon. Surely, the Republican party is not ready to confess that it cannot raise among its millionaire friends enough money to pay off the sums wrongfully taken for its benefit from widows and orphans. If the last campaign fund is exhausted, restitution ought at least to be made a first lien upon the next one.

The Franchise Bureau, established by Comptroller Grout as an adjunct to his Department, may prove efficient in helping to conserve the city's interests. Hitherto, applications for franchises have been granted or refused without systematic examination of their merits. Now, for the first time in the city's history, there is a bureau whose exclusive duty it is to inquire into conditions relating to public franchises. Its value has already been shown in the case of the Union Railway Company. This company is seeking to obtain a series of twenty-two extensions in the Bronx. Yet its application was found by the Bureau of Franchises to contemplate seizing every valuable street in the fast-growing Bronx. Should the company obtain these rights, it could proceed to build such lines only as it now deemed profitable; the rights for the remaining routes it could hold in abeyance indefinitely. This, the report showed, had been its invariable practice. With this comprehensive report in hand, Comptroller Grout has been able to proceed intelligently in forming his conclusions as to the specific restrictions which should accompany the grant of the franchise.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENATOR FORAKER'S CHALLENGE.

The Republican campaign in Ohio starts off with loud cries of alarm from the leaders. Vice-President Fairbanks was imported to implore the patriotic voters not to "strike down" the Republican ticket, and Senator Foraker pointed out that it would take a great deal of "explanation" to account for Ohio's not going Republican this year by the "usual majority." So one would say, after the 255,000 plurality for Roosevelt last year. Of course, the apprehensive orators do not fail to allege that a Democratic victory in Ohio would be a terrible blow to President Roosevelt. This is an old trick. Lodge is trying it on in Massachusetts. You will hear a village boss asseverate gravely that if his candidate for constable is defeated, the President will feel discouraged by the fearful and unmerited rebuke. We all know these pretty ways of the politicians. Yet it does seem as if the Ohio gentry were rather overdoing their hysteria. To talk so anxiously about the possibility of being beaten in that State is a queer way to hearten the faithful.

That there is a bad snarl in the Republican politics of Ohio, is generally admitted. Gov. Herrick is unpopular, and has provoked a powerful revolt within his party. His open alliance with Boss Cox of Cincinnati—one of the lowest of his species—and his dependence upon the Dick machine, which is an enginery nicely planned to turn out a large product of little men, have hurt more than helped him; and it is certain that he will be badly cut at the polls. No one supposes, however, that he can be actually defeated. Senator Foraker may be suspected of taking a malicious pleasure in exaggerating the party peril. He had been roughly pushed one side by the Herrick-Cox-Dick alliance, and only as a desperate resort was he besought to come and stump the State. So his professed alarm may be only the artifice of the physician, magnifying the danger of the disease which he is called in to cure.

It is not, however, the Senator's utterances about Ohio politics which will attract wide attention, but his deliberate challenge of President Roosevelt on two capital national issues. His speech is tantamount to serving notice on the President that, if he persists in advocating tariff reduction, or urging reciprocity treaties, the Senatorial Old Guard will fight him; and also that Mr. Roosevelt's plan of railway rate-regulation cannot be enacted into law except over the dead bodies of Foraker and his allies in the Senate. This is a political event of the highest significance. Senator Foraker carries great weight in the Senate. In his case, seniority does not yet spell senility. He can speak and organize as well as vote. Moreover, he is one of the unavowed Presidential candidates. His deliberate defiance of his own President, then, in the gravest matters of party policy, is a sign of the political weather which no observer can afford to neglect.

Needless to say, on the tariff Senator Foraker represents the crassest stand-pattism. Touch not a hair of yon gray fraud, he cries. With commendable frankness, he admits that the present tariff was simply log-rolled into shape by special interests, which will allow no change in one schedule without threatening to pull the whole edifice tumbling. At least, he can mean nothing else by saying that "some duties can, no doubt, be changed now with benefit," but that "when we touch the tariff we touch the business of the whole country." Pull out one brick, that is, and down comes the whole wall. And this tariff Bourbonism is matched by what Senator Foraker says about reciprocity treaties. The President, he thinks, will not negotiate any; but if he does, "I am sure the Senate would not ratify them unless it was found that they did not seriously injure *any* important American industry." In plain language, each powerful protected interest enjoys the right of veto upon both Congress and the President.

Equally explicit is the Ohio Senator in his antagonism to the President on the subject of railway regulation. While in favor of certain extensions of the law against discrimination and rebates, he is flatly opposed to Mr. Roosevelt's plan of conferring the power to make freight rates upon the Interstate Commerce Commission, or some other body created by Congress. This scheme, Senator Foraker artfully remarks, is one stolen from the Democrats, and is actually endorsed in the Democratic platform of Ohio this year; naturally, as a stout Republican, the Senator is against it. He does not say what people are to think of that Republican in the White House who is for it.

We may be certain that Senator Foraker's speech will have been read, pondered and inwardly digested at Oyster Bay. The President need no longer doubt that he has a fight on his hands within his party. The situation which was faintly defined at Washington last winter, will be more clear-cut in the next session. A group of powerful leaders will deny Mr. Roosevelt's right or ability to make the party organization register his personal policy. They will demand to be consulted deferentially. If that is refused them, they will set about thwarting the President's wishes. Then we shall see whether he can be as masterful when not a candidate for re-election, and without a party organization dancing obediently when he pipes to it, as he was when every politician knew that to "get in behind" him was to place money on the winning horse. The President found a difference last year. He was driven to retreat on his tariff proposals; his railway legislation was beaten; his San Domingo treaty rejected. What will the coming winter bring forth? Senator Foraker by himself might be despised. If the President meant to run amuck among corporations, he could even be glad of the opposition of a Senator whose corporate relations lay him open to the suspicion that he is not wholly impartial. But Foraker does not stand alone; neither can the President desire to read so prominent a Republican out of the party. It is a case for clear convictions, so far as the tariff challenge is concerned, and a resolute standing by them, rather than petty tactics; while in the railway question, what the President has to do is, not to outmanœuvre Senator Foraker and his fellows, but to refute their arguments. This last is the real difficulty.

CORPORATION ABSOLUTISM.

President McCall of the New York Life Insurance Company gave last week the frankest expression we have yet had to an idea which has evidently been getting a firm hold upon many of his associates in the management of great corporations. This is, that they are of necessity absolute monarchs in the kingdom of business. The motto of each of them is, *Sic volo, sic jubeo.* Mr. McCall freely shouldered all responsibility. Did he pay $50,000 to the Republican campaign fund on his own motion? He did. Without consulting the finance committee? Certainly. Did he order hundreds of thousands disbursed on his personal word? At any time. Was it at his direction that more than $200,000 was left in the hands of "Judge" Hamilton without an accounting, and under misleading entries in the books? It was. Did he think that such enormous and unregulated responsibilities ought to be put upon the president of a great life-insurance company? Yes, they are an inherent part of his executive function. If he is not free to do whatever he will with the funds of the company, he is not a real president.

This fair epitome of Mr. McCall's testimony touches on the really great question involved. Mere personalities and recriminations drop out of sight by comparison. It is the theory of the benevolent tyrant in the great finance with which we are squarely confronted. If a company is only big enough, has the adequate number of millions, and impinges upon the interests of the community in endless ways, then its president is entitled to do whatever seems right in his own eyes. In doubtful cases, his fiat creates propriety. If a method which he adopts seems irregular and threatens loss, it is enough for him to say magnificently, "I ordered it done, I accept the responsibility, I guarantee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the company will lose nothing by it." How excellent it is to have a financial giant's strength!

Unfortunately, this fallacy of bigness, this blunder of thinking that the reasons which apply to administering hundreds of dollars necessarily fail when it is a question of millions of dollars, overlooks two things. One is the law. The other is morals. For the law knows nothing of this absolutist management of large corporations. Lawful method, strict liability, the personal responsibility of directors and officials—these are the watchwords of our statutes and judicial decisions in the premises. We suppose it to be beyond doubt that, under existing law, President McCall could be compelled to pay back every dollar given by the New York Life to politicians. Nor is the Penal Code silent about some of the transactions which he and Mr. Perkins have admitted. Directors and officials of a life-insurance company are practically in the position of an executor of an estate. Suppose that the latter decided that the interests of the heirs would be imperilled by the success of one political party, and should contribute $1,000 to the other—would he not have a fine time getting his accounts passed by the courts? Even an autocratic life-insurance president seems to feel the bookkeeping difficulty, since he has not yet been able to discover under what "account" the political payments were entered.

But the moral maze into which we are led by the theory that the magnate can do no wrong, is more bewildering than the legal. Where shall one stop? If it is right to give $50,000 illegally to protect policyholders, it is right to give $1,000,000. If $50,000 was the assessment of the New York Life in 1896, it might easily have been asked to pay $100,000 in 1904. We are really astonished at the moderation of Treasurer Bliss in demanding only $50,000 when the assets of the company (and, of course, the number of its insured in danger) had so greatly increased! Mr. Perkins testified that the assets may soon amount to $1,000,000,000. What will the proportionate share of the politicians be then? We may be sure that they will be prepared to submit affidavits that the other fellows will ruin the business of the company unless $200,000 or so is paid to beat them. There is, in fact, simply no end to the absurdities and perplexities and moral perils into which you run, once you allow that fiduciary funds can be used in any way that seems good to their administrators.

We understand perfectly that the gentlemen who have felt themselves chartered to use corporation funds as they saw fit, indignantly disclaim bad motives. Indeed, they seem almost as much oppressed by the sense of their own rectitude as by their conscious wisdom, power, and success. But, granting their purity of intent and their unrivalled sagacity, they yet must be made to see, with the rest of us more fallible mortals, that business methods should be such as to endure the test even when weak and bad men are in control. We often see the same confusion of ideas in politics. Reformers are sometimes so convinced of their own goodness that they resort to devices which they would be the first to cry out against if employed by a Tammany politician. We have got to make our business methods correct even if some business men are supernatural in wisdom and angelic in character. When the law prohibits doing a certain thing, it is no defence to say that it was a good man who violated the statute, with the best intentions in the world.

It is clear that the corrupt entanglement of corporations with politics must be taken sharply in hand by the American people. Mr. Perkins has lighted a fire of which the blaze is seen all over the country. It is not a case for bickerings between pot and kettle. The Democrats, as Judge Parker admitted from the first, have been as ready to sin as the Republicans; latterly, it has been the opportunity rather than the willingness that has failed them. They have had the appetite, but not the food. The whole miserable business, however, must be ended. By State or Federal statute, or both, it must be made unlawful for corporations to make, or for party agents to solicit from them, campaign subscriptions; so that the future corporation absolutist who uses company funds for party purposes may, if he chooses, thank God that he did it, but will have to utter his devout thanks in jail. Meanwhile, personally, things cannot go on as if nothing had happened. Young Mr. Hyde became an impossible burden to the Equitable; President Alexander had to resign—but is that to be the end? Are not other resignations and dismissals imperatively called for? Example is the only thing that really counts in business and public affairs, and this insurance investigation will not have wrought its perfect work until an example has been made of trustees not fit to be trusted; until directors who are both buyer and seller have to elect a single rôle; until presidents who are a law unto themselves are compelled to exercise their talents in some other capacity. As Mr. Cleveland puts it, with his refreshing, heavy-footed honesty, we must "compel in the direction and management of life-insurance companies . . . honesty and alertness in discharging fiduciary obligations."

SHOULD LIFE INSURANCE BE CHEAPER?

In the course of the successive exposures of corrupt or unbusiness-like methods in American life insurance, since the Equitable scandal broke last spring, one question has failed to receive the attention which it merits. The train of evil consequences arising from the huge masses of capital accumulated in the form of surpluses has been clearly demonstrated. The formidable danger in the future, if these funds are to double and treble themselves as they have done in the past decade or two, has appealed to every one—not least of all to intelligent insurance managers themselves. Some of them have privately confessed their misgivings about the financial Minotaur which the existing system was letting loose on the community. Much has been said also of the mischievous influence of some special contrivances of insurance, such as the deferred-dividend policies, which made inevitable the excessively rapid heaping-up of money which must be invested. In all this, however, there has been surprisingly little discussion of the question whether the rates prevalent for the insuring of lives in this country are not too high. In any other sort of corporation, the admitted existence of an unwieldy and demoralizing surplus would lead to immediate adoption of one of two policies—increase of dividends or lowering of the charge for service. It is the second of these questions which ought to appeal most directly to policyholders.

Are our life-insurance premium rates too high? English critics, basing their judgment on their own system, answer, Yes. But the question is one of facts and figures rather than of general principles, and it is the examination of the subject from this point of view which gives timeliness to an article by Mr. Allan H. Willett, of the Department of Economics of Brown University, in the September *Political Science Quarterly*. He examines in great detail the statements of twenty-four American life-insurance companies, comprising all the most powerful concerns, and reaches this conclusion:

"The average experience of twenty-four companies shows a saving on mortality of over 20 per cent., and an excess of interest earnings of nearly or quite one per cent., and a generous profit from lapsed and surrendered policies, while the loading is just sufficient to cover the cost of carrying on the business. The gain-and-loss exhibit indicates that, but for the depreciation of securities during the year 1903, the insurance operations of that year would have brought into the companies a profit of more than $40,000,000, to be returned to the policyholders or added to the surplus. With no improvement in the methods and practices of insurance companies, a reduction of 20 per cent. or 25 per cent. in premium rates is possible for a company managed with average care and efficiency, and is in every way desirable.

"But to bring insurance rates down to the present cost-level is only half enough. The cost itself ought to be lowered. It is demonstrable that some of the practices of insurance companies tend to increase their mortality loss, that a higher net rate of interest could be secured on their investments, and that the cost of administration is often extravagantly high. Improvements in any of those particulars would materially lower the cost of insurance, and make possible a further reduction

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in premium rates, resulting in a wider utilization of the benefits of insurance by people of small or moderate income."

The first point on which this conclusion is based is the variation of actual mortality from the assumed average mortality of the tables in use by the companies. The reports of the twenty-four companies for 1903 show the total indemnities which the companies, in accordance with their mortality tables, were theoretically prepared to pay in the period for death losses. They also show what was actually paid, and the sum thus disbursed is less by $20,315,698 than the amount marked out by the official tables. The premium income for the period having been $318,328,592, a profit of 6½ per cent. on the entire receipts from that source appears to have resulted from the difference. But this is not all, for the average of mortality loss is abnormally raised by the results of a very few companies. Nineteen out of the twenty-four companies show actual mortality bearing a ratio of 80 per cent. or less to the assumption of the tables; ten of them work out below 70 per cent. Mr. Willett argues from this that the average of the tables is excessive, under proper admission of risks, to the extent of 20 to 30 per cent.

The reserves of the companies are calculated, in their reports, on the basis of interest earnings of 3 to 3½ per cent. But the average of actual interest earnings of the twenty-four companies in 1903 was 4.3 per cent.; therefore a profit of 1 per cent. over the assumed requirement is shown to exist in this direction. Again, the important question of lapsed policies arises for investigation. The full reserve required against the policies lapsed in 1903, by all these companies, was $40,446,983; the "surrender values" paid were $31,903,657; difference, carried to surplus, $8,543,326, or 2¾ per cent. of the total premium income.

In taking up the question of expense of administration and procuring business, a difficult field is entered, because the estimates of the necessary ratio of such outlay to gross income is an arbitrary matter. Yet even so, and with the very liberal allowance made by the larger companies for their agents' expenses, nine out of the twenty-four companies report a ratio of expense in acquiring business to the year's income from such business smaller than was deemed necessary. Obviously, the discussion touches here on the larger question as to needless extravagance in soliciting business—a question of great significance when the double conclusion is adopted that accumulation of excessive surpluses is an evil, and that the offer of insurance is made, not for the satisfying of a company's ambition, but for the benefit of the insured.

It will be no unfair conclusion from these figures that the cost of insurance to the American policyholder is too high. It is far from the purpose of conservative reformers in this matter to insist on any such sweeping cut as should in any degree imperil the soundness of life insurance, prudently and properly conducted. But when it is capable of proof that the cost of insurance is far higher than the needs of such administration, and that the consequence of this overcharge is the very surplus whose piling-up is the cause of the recent insurance-company scandals, the hour surely ought to have arrived for reconsideration of the whole matter.

THE LAST OF CHOLERA PANICS.

"King Cholera," a medical authority has written, "is, in truth, a lazy and voluptuous potentate; unless he is carried by quick steamers, he will not travel far without a rest, and when he reaches his destination, he declines either to advance or show his power unless he is nourished and pampered." The discovery that Asiatic cholera is really one of the easiest of infectious diseases to control, has changed completely the public attitude towards it. There is cholera at present in Germany, but her busy trade and exchange of passengers with this country continue undisturbed. Our public-health authorities exhibit not the slightest alarm, and it is taken everywhere for granted that the disease will not reach our shores.

With the mystery of cholera, the hysterical fear of it has largely disappeared, but certainly no scourge ever contained more elements to inspire consternation and horror than did this disease at its first invasions of Europe. Coming out of the East without warning, its progress along the high-roads, though always slow, seemed to be well-nigh irresistible; States and cities waited with a sort of fatalism for the news of its arrival, or made a frenzied but unavailing fight against it. The mortality that would follow its introduction at such gatherings as the Nizhni-Novgorod fair, the Hindu ceremonies at the sacred pool at Hurdwar, or the Mohammedan pilgrimages to Mecca, was beyond description fearful. Again, the apparent caprice in the spread of the disease, which would spring up in streets far from the supposed centres of infection and attack persons who had neither seen nor come near a cholera sufferer, added an element of terror. Kipling tells of the cholera outbreak in camp that marked out a regular figure eight among the tents and then passed away. No wonder the legend grew up that the Wandering Jew himself was the bearer of this pestilence.

It was in 1832 that the cholera, which had entered Russia in 1829 and swept over Europe in the next two years, was first conveyed to America. The brig *Carricks* sailed in April from the affected port of Dublin with 173 immigrants aboard. By the time she reached Quebec on June 3, forty-two of these passengers had died. The rest were landed on Grosse Isle, but were allowed free intercourse with the city, and on June 8 cholera broke out in Quebec. Fifteen cases were officially reported on that day. The epidemic reached New York on June 23, Philadelphia on July 5, Detroit on July 6, and so over the entire country. There could be no better illustration of the results of modern sanitary methods than the figures of this outbreak on fresh territory. There were a thousand deaths in Quebec in a fornight, and 3,512 in New York city in the year. Yet now, after cholera has been present in Germany at various points for nearly a month, the total death roll has reached only 80 and the number of cases 236.

The next invasion of cholera was in 1848, when it reached New Orleans and Staten Island almost simultaneously, but did not enter New York city until the next year, when it caused deaths to the number of 5,071. A recrudescence of the disease occurred in Europe after the Crimean war, and was again brought here in 1854. But meanwhile discoveries were being made regarding the cause of the cholera and its methods of transmission. It is curious that in the very year, 1854, when Dr. Snow of London was studying the famous case in which he traced 143 cases of cholera to a polluted public well, the London College of Physicians had reported, "It is not probable that, in the case of cholera, the influence of water will ever be shown to consist in its serving as a vehicle for the poison generated in the bodies of those who had suffered from the disease." A fungus theory had been propounded in 1838. "Cholera cells" were pictured in the *Lancet* in 1849, and in 1852 the name "cholerine," afterwards famous as a euphemism for cases of cholera inconvenient to acknowledge, was proposed for the zymotic principle of cholera. Quarantine methods were being better understood, too. At the port of New York in 1855 and 1856, cholera ships arrived in the harbor without the infection reaching the mainland. In March, 1866, however, the *England* from Mersey arrived at Halifax, having had 92 cholera deaths on the way. The crew and passengers were isolated, but the pilots, who declared they had not even been aboard the ship, came down with the cholera, and it again began to spread. It was in New York by May. Its rapid spread in that year was attributed largely to the dispatch of troops to the South and West. In 1873 cholera entered at New Orleans, probably by coolie vessels from India. There were a few cases in the United States again in 1886. In 1884 Robert Koch announced his discovery of the specific germ.

Then came that extraordinary exhibition, the scare of 1892. The country was preparing for a world's fair, at which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hosts of foreigners were expected, and the cholera was active over a good part of Europe. Hamburg and its suburbs had, up to October, 18,757 cases and 7,839 deaths. The liner *Moravia* from that port arrived on August 31, with twenty-two steerage passengers dead from what the ship's surgeon put down as "cholerine." The *Normannia* and the *Rugia* followed with similar conditions aboard, and eight deaths occurred in the harbor. President Harrison had ordered a quarantine of twenty days, and, after a most trying imprisonment on board the same vessels with the sick, quarters in tents and temporary buildings were found for the well passengers on Sandy Hook and Fire Island. Meanwhile, a yellow press—an adjunct which the disease on its previous visit had not enjoyed—had excited the whole country over the imminent peril. The rest of the country looked at New York as if its population were already decimated by the disease and a step on its streets were hazardous. As a matter of fact, a dozen or so of "doubtful" cases, with two deaths, were all that appeared on shore. It may be noted that in most of the vessels bringing infection to America, the disease broke out during the voyage. The dispatches reported the other day that steerage passengers from Hamburg are now being held for quarantine before embarkation, thus greatly reducing the chance of this happening.

Asiatic cholera is not regarded as a contagious disease. A person takes it only by swallowing the germ, which, though readily carried on clothing, bedding, carpets, or articles used by the sick, is short-lived, being killed quickly by drying, sunlight, or the ordinary disinfectants. The only vehicle for its rapid or wide transmission is water. Overland it cannot progress at a stage any farther than a person can travel between his receiving the infection and his entire collapse. This period is from three to five days, and it makes quarantine precautions extremely simple. The appalling rapidity of its progress has been one of the peculiar terrors of this disease. It is "a disease of hours, not days." The pulse disappears, the face shrinks, the voice grows strange and husky, the skin becomes bluish, and the sweat cold, but, after six to twenty-four hours, if the sufferer still lives, the temperature rises, the pulse returns, he sleeps. There is no specific. The treatment consists in keeping up the heart action, and trying to carry the patient past the crisis. The death-rate has varied in past epidemics from 15 to 90 per cent. It is not, however, the ability to cure, but the ability to prevent, which has made the cholera no longer "worse than forty fights."

WAR CHIEFS IN PEACE.

The recent death of Rain-in-the-Face in South Dakota removes one of the few remaining Sioux leaders who were associated with Sitting Bull in the historic campaign that culminated in the massacre of the Little Big Horn in 1876. When Geronimo, the old Apache, who is spending his last days as a paroled prisoner in Oklahoma, is gone, it will be possible to close up the account between the frontiersman and "untamed" Indian. The chiefs who are left have long ago "come in," and even the memories of Custer and Crook and Miles are dim in their minds. Quanah Parker the Comanche, Red Cloud the Sioux, Poosh-e-to-nek of the Sacs and Foxes, Chief Godfroy of the Miamis, and others great in their day as warriers, are feeble echoes merely of their old selves. Chief White Calf of the Blackfeet died early in 1903, and Chief Joseph, the great Nez Percés leader, died on the Washington reservation last year. Sitting Bull, who was killed in 1890, is almost as historic as Red Jacket. The fact that Rain-in-the-Face in his later years wore the uniform of the Indian police, and that Geronimo turned many an honest penny last summer at the St. Louis Fair selling beadwork and pictures of himself with his autograph, illustrates the dramatic anti-climaxes that must be recorded in writing the history of the last of the "war chiefs."

The complaint that history is too much taken up with wars and conquests is as valid concerning the American Indians as it is of the Macedonians or the Goths. Rain-in-the-Face will be longest remembered because of the unverified report that he personally killed Gen. Custer and cut his heart out. But he has lived quietly on the Standing Rock reservation since he returned from Canada and surrendered to Gen. Miles in 1881; and these twenty-four years of submission to agency rule, with his service in the Indian police, must be considered in making up his record. In the same way, Comanche history will deal with the clashes between that tribe and the early settlers of Texas rather than with the long rule of Quanah Parker, who has inspired among his people a zeal for education and industry in the manner of the late Bishop Whipple.

This old man, now past sixty, distinctly remembers the time he first saw a wagon and picked up a limited knowledge of English from the pack-train men who drifted into the Southwest when the Indians still held it securely. In his lifetime he has developed from the typical plains leader described by Catlin to the earnest advocate of the white man's civilization. The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing of Parker early in 1904, told of his popularity at Fort Sill and with the cattlemen who leased the reservation pastures. As a mark of their esteem, the cattlemen built a house for the chief. One of them, proposing to help furnish the house, asked what special article the old man most wanted. Parker said that a big roll-top desk would please him, and explained: "You see, I open desk, an' sit down in my chair an' put my feet up on desk an' I light my seegar, an' I hol' my newspaper up in front o' me—like this. Then white man come in, an' he knock at my door, an' he say, 'Quanah, I wan' talk to you a minute.' An' I turn roun' in my chair, an' I puff a lot o' smoke in his face, an' I say, 'Go 'way! I busy t'day.'"

Tecumseh, with his fine speeches and his dream of an all-powerful federation of Indians that should sweep the white invaders into the sea, is succeeded by old Gabriel Godfroy, head of the remnant of the Miamis left in the Wabash valley in Indiana. His fight has been to save the homes of his tribesmen from being sold to pay taxes. Early this year Godfroy, seventy-three years old and broken in health, appeared before the Circuit Court of Miami County to urge the claim of his people to exemption from taxation. His plea was in striking contrast to the speech preserved in the school readers and credited to his predecessor. "When this case was commenced years ago," he said, "I was a rich man. I owned a fine farm and was worth $50,000. Now I am so poor that my credit is not good for a dollar. Politics ruined me. Because I voted, the Commissioners thought I should pay taxes. I never wanted to vote, because I thought I had no right at the polls. My people should have remained away. But we were urged, first by one party and then the other. My friends elected me road supervisor. I did not want the office, but I took it." The "piping times of peace" are all very well for the home builders on the border, and even the young Carlisle and Hampton graduates endure the industrial struggle passably. But for the trained warriors to submit to the dull routine of reservation life without sinking into hopeless degeneracy is an achievement more difficult than it seems to the man bred to civilization.

As Quanah Parker represents the reformed "blanket Indian," striving to pass from the prairie to the schoolroom without friction, Pleasant Porter, chief of the Creek tribe, may stand for the political evolution of the Indian leader who has never been a warrior. With the others of the Five Tribes, the Creeks long ago "buried the hatchet" and retired to live peacefully as a little isolated nation in the Indian Territory. Had that been possible, a chief's lot would have been in direct contrast to that of Gilbert's policeman. But with the pressing in of the whites and the coming of the "Dawes Commission," Chief Porter had new problems to solve. Questions of land allotments, town-site locations, the provision for a school system, the leasing and selling privileges to be given white settlers and merchants, and the tribe's atti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tude toward Statehood—these are some of the more serious matters that this Creek Indian, scarcely more than once removed from the leaders who fought Gen. Jackson, has had to consider. It was Porter who called the separate Statehood convention which met at Muskogee recently and proposed to make a State independent of Oklahoma and call it Sequoyah, in honor of the "Cherokee Cadmus," an Indian who had perfected a syllabic alphabet and taught his people to read before Mrs. Trollope arrived in Cincinnati. The peace chief is less picturesque than the war chief of the Rain-in-the-Face type, but he has managed the business of adaptation surprisingly well, on the whole.

APPETITE WAITING ON DIGESTION.

The era of food experiments which began approximately with the twentieth century is surely as much entitled to a place in the chronicles as famine years or "bumper" crops. Dr. Wiley, with his "poison squad," Professor Atwater with his man in a glass case, and Professor Chittenden with his fellow-instructors, athletes, and soldiers of the regular army as subjects for diet experiments, are typical figures of this important period. Professor Chittenden, who outlines his conclusions in the October *Century*, makes a most simple and satisfying argument against not only the general practices in eating and drinking—every one knows that these are abominations in the sight of the scientist—but even against the dietary standards commonly accepted by the experts. These, he says, are based primarily on what people of certain habits of life *do* eat, and not what they *should* eat. The sensation of hunger, and the liking for particular articles of food, he goes on, are entirely untrustworthy as guides, for they are merely acquired habits, and any one, by constant application, can acquire a new set of hungers and appetites. The real index of the body's needs is the supply of food required for "the maintenance of body-weight, nitrogen equilibrium, health, strength, vigor, and endurance—and, in the period of adolescence, to supply material for the growth and development of the tissues of the body."

When, with quantities of food only about half those prescribed in the standard dietary, subjects of various ages and habits of life were able to do their work with increased ease, one winning an intercollegiate championship, and many actually gaining weight during the period of the experiment, it seems at least to shift the burden of proof to the other side. The quantities of food taken are, as the writer acknowledges, "absurdly" small, judged by inherited standards. Contrast, for instance, with the ordinary training table, with its abundant rare beef, this dinner, the heaviest meal of the day for the athletes under observation:

"Bacon, one and one-half ounces; potato croquette, two and one-half ounces; macaroni, two and one-fourth ounces; bread, one ounce; butter, one-fourth ounce; water ice, four and one-half ounces; one cup of coffee, with two ounces of cream and three-fourths of an ounce of sugar."

Professor Chittenden does not hold a brief for any of the numerous systems of hygienic diet—the meat and coffee and fried foods on his bills of fare show that. But his recommendation "leans somewhat toward vegetarianism," for the simple reason that if one eats meat to any extent it is next to impossible to escape eating too much, as the proper amount is here established.

Research of this sort certainly ought to be of interest to any person of intelligence. The announcement of a way of life equally beneficial at once to the constitution and the pocket-book is an event of the first importance. But the world puts all manner of obstacles in the way of him who would reform his diet. Restaurants are conducted on the theory that man is an animal whose food is naturally in the ratio of a platter of meat to one potato and a small side dish of some other vegetable. The "portion" as customarily served contains more nitrogen than Professor Chittenden would allow for an entire day. It demands uncommon resolution to keep on paying for food and leaving two-thirds of it uneaten. We fancy that this is one of the reasons why the people who do actually make over their victuals and drink, usually go over to one of the "fad" systems. It is very much harder to cut down the allowance of the old familiar viands than to take up a brand-new set. Better take a dinner of herbs outright, many think, than toy with a piece of beef the size of a postage stamp. So, we have the two-and-seventy jarring sects of emancipated eaters, vegetarians, fruitarians, eaters of raw food, eaters of vegetables that grow wild only. These cults have their own restaurants, where they are removed entirely from the lure of the flesh-pots.

Has there ever been a case, we wonder, in which a convert to any of these doctrines has not reported great improvement from the change? The gross eater of beefsteaks becomes a vegetarian. He never felt so well in his life, he has gained fourteen pounds, and can lift double the weight he could in his unregenerate days. He joins the straiter sects, cuts out eggs and milk. Again he undergoes that amazing physical regeneration that has been so rapturously described. Next, perhaps, he is taken in hand by a missionary of "sun-kissed food." He eliminates everything that does not grow in the full sunshine. Talk with him, and he makes it clear that potatoes and turnips were just as bad for him as pork and mutton had been. There must be a limit somewhere to the improvement to be effected by this process of exclusion.

Whether the world at present needs any further demonstration that it eats too much may well be doubted. The trouble is that the acknowledged fact influences people's daily lives little more than the philosopher's demonstration that matter does not exist. If the American people, even the educated part of it alone, were to give more than intellectual assent to such expositions as Professor Chittenden's, the Beef Trust would go to the wall in a week, half the retail butchers would be spreading mortar with their cleavers, and the corner grocers digging trenches with their sugar scoops. The up-to-date cook-book prints the number of calories and grammes of proteid at the head of each recipe; but the cook or housewife who takes the trouble to add them up is a source of wonder and amusement to her friends. On grounds of expediency it might be advisable to suppress all further discoveries about food until those already made have begun to sink in. Modern man has many weaknesses, but his intrepidity in the face of the danger of over-eating compels admiration.

WALKING IN SWITZERLAND.

ON THE RHINE, August 7, 1905.

The subject of Switzerland and its mountains is so well worn that I should have deemed it impossible to say anything interesting about it had I not, by an eighth visit, added so much to my conception of it that I feel as if I had never before understood it. There are with us large numbers of professional men, especially of students and professors, who might forget their home world in a form of activity which is at the same time most restful and most invigorating; and it is for them alone that I venture on a few suggestions. The main object in visiting the regions I have just left is to enjoy a closer contact with nature than can be reached in the hurly-burly of life. The tourist who profits most by a visit thither is he who can see the sentimental and fanciful—perhaps I might say the idealistic—side of Alpine scenery, and it is he whom I have in mind as I write, whether he has already been in the country or not.

The valuable lesson I have learned on my eighth visit is that it is the pedestrian alone who can, in fancy, hold talk with the snow peaks; recall the history they have witnessed; hear their stories of Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon, and listen to the tread of armies which, two thousand years ago, dragged their impedimenta over roads traces of which are still visible. He alone feels the grandeur of precipice piled on precipice, as if nature in playful mood had torn up the mountains from their foundations and tossed them upon each other in one imposing pile. For him only do falling waters play in infinite variety; the torrent, the cascade, and the rivulet—ministering to his entertainment by taking all the forms that the mind can conceive.

To one who would love to study Alpine scenery in such a spirit as this, and see in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the snow peaks something more than the embodiment of all that is cold and impassive, I would say, Walk if you can. It is even better to be alone without a human companion to disturb the current of your fancy, unless you are with a spirit so kindred that the two feel as one. If you really cannot walk, the patient mule may serve as a passable substitute; at least he is better than the mail coach, as the latter is better than the railway. At this moment the opening of the Simplon tunnel is being celebrated with the idea that the tourist will now pass a mile under ground some of the most beautiful scenery that Switzerland can offer, or satisfy himself by a glance at it from the window of a railway carriage. Every real lover of the mountains will be sorry if there are not many who wish to enjoy them in some other way than this.

In the course of my recent perambulations I met a Swiss gentleman who inquired why Americans came to Switzerland, and whether we had not plenty of mountains at home. As an American I was proud to say that, so far as impressive grandeur is concerned, Switzerland has nothing to show that equals Niagara, the cañons of the Colorado, the Yosemite Valley, or the Yellowstone Park. Even its glaciers are surpassed by those of Canada and Alaska. But we must admit that the associations with thousands of years of history and a hundred years of modern adventure are mostly wanting. And then, on the practical side, for a resident of the Atlantic Seaboard at least, the Alps are easier to see and walk among than any of the American sights I have mentioned, except Niagara. Only on some of the lonelier passes need the Alpine pedestrian ever go more than one or two hours without meat, shelter, or lodging, as required. In almost every hamlet, at the beginning of every mountain ascent, will be found a hut or châlet with a peasant Amphitryon dispensing at least bread, milk, tea, and beer, and, probably, sips of yet more spirituous constitution, suggesting to the temperance reformer that he has here an unoccupied field for his propaganda. The well-devised postal system of the little republic, organized in the interest of the people alone, removes one of the greatest difficulties the pedestrian tourist encounters among us—that of providing for his luggage. By railway, mail-coach, or horse it penetrates the remotest fastnesses, and carries with it anything that the means of conveyance admits, at a fixed and uniform rate. The walker will, of course, do wisely to carry on his back the essentials of a night's stay, but he can send everything else ahead of him by post.

A few hints on the subject of expense may be useful, especially in view of the widespread impression that living in Switzerland is much cheaper than at home. If asked whether such is the case, I should reply that this depends very largely on the traveller himself. The facilities for economizing are greater than at home, and so are the temptations to expenditure. But, live as cheaply as you will, the time when an American family could come to Switzerland and save the cost of its passage across the Atlantic in the cheapness of a summer's board—if it ever was, which I doubt—is now archaic. To go more closely into the question, it is hardly necessary to say that the American summer hotel or farm house, where you take your choice of the best your host has to offer you at a fixed daily rate, is unknown in Europe. The mountain hotel of the Alps is managed on much the same plan as the hotels of London or Paris. And the guest of a Swiss hotel who will enjoy the liberal fare of a White Mountain resort must pay more for it than he would in the White Mountains. A comparison can best be made when the guest goes "en pension," for which a stay ranging from five to eight days is necessary. This means, besides lodging and its accessories, the Continental breakfast of coffee and rolls, with lunch and dinner at the table d'hôte, where you partake only of the dishes offered. For this the cost does not differ materially from that of board at home. Corresponding to the range from one dollar a day at a New Hampshire farmer's boarding-house to four or five dollars at the fashionable White Mountain hotels, you have the range from five francs a day in Alpine valleys to twenty francs at the palatial hotels of the Engadine.

The pedestrian cannot go *en pension*, nor will he often find palatial hotels on his route. At those he does find he may live about as economically as he chooses. He may ask for the cheapest room at the "pension" or hotel, confine his supply of proteid food to the amount which Professor Chittenden has shown to be most conducive to health and vigor, and accept the conclusions of twentieth-century physiological chemistry by subsisting during his walks on the not unpalatable combination of bread, milk, chocolate and sugar, with advantage both to his pocket and health.

I may conclude with a word for the smaller and cheaper hotels, which abound everywhere. They are not surrounded by that atmosphere of vulgarity which makes the appellation "second-class" so distasteful to American ears. They are clean and well kept. A feature which the lonely and perhaps homesick traveller will most appreciate is the glad-to-see-you welcome with which he is received. What can we do for the Herrschaft? What will he have to eat? What will he drink?—are the questions asked in word or in manner. The guest who transplants himself from one of these modest inns to the ambitious hotels owned by companies may be disposed to sum up what he has gained by the change. The green-aproned "Kellner" is replaced by the uniformed porter, the plainly dressed waitress by the white-necktied waiter, the unadorned table service by one of beauty, and surroundings suggesting primitive life by those of civilization; but the meals and the bed are substantially the same. If the former are better cooked, only an expert could appreciate the difference. It may be added that the old practice of putting on the traveller's bill items by guesswork is much less common in the small hotels than in the large ones. Finally, the tipping system is now much less of a nuisance than formerly, and the line of attendants who sped the parting guest is seen no longer. S. N.

Notes.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, announce 'Sea Power in its Relations to the War of 1812,' by Capt. A. T. Mahan; 'The Brothers' War,' a study of the causes of the Rebellion, by John C. Reed; 'The Fight for Canada,' by William Wood; 'The True Story of Paul Revere,' by Charles F. Gettemy; 'The Indian Dispossessed,' by Seth K. Humphrey; 'In and Out of the Old Missions of California,' by George Wharton James; 'The Florence of Landor,' by Lilian Whiting; 'Two in Italy,' by Maud Howe; 'Il Libro d'Oro,' miracle stories and sacred legends from the Italian, translated by Mrs. Francis Alexander; 'American Railroad Rates,' by Judge Walter C. Noyes; 'The Constitutional Law of England,' by E. W. Ridges; and a 'Memoir of Colonel Henry Lee,' by John T. Morse, jr.

Fox, Duffield & Co. have nearly ready the 'Letters of Henrik Ibsen,' and 'Man and the Earth: An Economic Forecast,' by Prof. N. S. Shaler.

A. Wessels Co. will issue an illustrated art book, 'The Hundred Best Pictures,' European and American, with descriptive text.

The Macmillan Co. will shortly bring out a new work by Sir Norman Lockyer, who has taken for his subject the orientation of Stonehenge and other stone circles (in Brittany, Devon, etc.), all or some of which he believes to have been sun or star temples. The results of his investigations will have a special bearing on the early history of the British Islands. Thus, his view of the orientation of Stonehenge, to wit, that its main avenue or some part of it was disposed so as to look towards the rising sun on the summer solstice or longest day, would seem to suggest a time-reckoning other than the May-November or farmer's year presupposed by the folklore and institutions of the Celts, with the consequent conclusion that this Druidical monument, so-called (for which, by the way, Sir Norman Lockyer gives a date not later than 1700 B. C.), was the work not of a Celtic people but of a pre-Celtic, non-Aryan race, the builders of the long barrows; in other words, that the Druids were not Celts at all.

We have been much mystified by the little volume, 'The Only True Mother Goose Melodies,' bearing the imprint of Lee & Shepard, Boston (no date), and copyrighted in August, 1905, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. This, then, should not be its first appearance. Dr. E. E. Hale furnishes an elusive introduction highly complimentary to the editor, Mrs. Butler; but there is no editing of any kind, nor does Mrs. Butler's name occur elsewhere. The title-page states that this is "an exact reproduction of the text and illustrations of the original edition published and copyrighted in Boston in the year 1833 by Munroe & Francis." But the facsimiled title-page bears only the date of copyright (1833), not of publication, and is totally different from that of the 1833 edition facsimiled in the late W. H. Whitmore's monograph on 'The Original Mother Goose's Melody' (Albany, 1889). The pagination is also different, as appears from comparisons in the same monograph. From the present reissue and its pretensions one might infer that by "original" edition of 1833 was meant first edition from the Boston house. There was however, an earlier, between 1824 and 1827. Dr. Hale further muddles matters by applying to the present so-called 1833 issue what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whitmore says regarding the engravers of the cuts in the *princeps* of 1824-27—a complete misfit. The cuts in the volume before us are its most interesting feature. Two are signed in initials by Abel Bowen, a Boston engraver (1790-1850), and one by Avery, a much later craftsman. Bowen founded in 1834 the Boston Bewick Co., for general engraving, and eight or ten at least of the present series are copies from Thomas Bewick's 'Birds' or 'Quadrupeds,' or suggest a Bewickian provenance.

Among recent legal publications we have received a privately printed monograph by Paul Jones on 'The Commercial Power of Congress,' under the commerce clause of the Constitution. It is a volume of nearly two hundred and fifty pages, and contains an examination of the general principles of constitutional interpretation laid down by the Supreme Court, and of the evolution of the constitutional power of Congress to regulate commerce. It is carefully done, but lacks a table of cases.

The new dress of the Smithsonian *Miscellaneous Contributions* is very handsome. In the current number Dr. Theodore Gill has one of his charmingly written compilations (with contributions from his own unrivalled fish-lore) about the tarpon and lady-fish and their relatives. The spawn of the lady-fish grow to the length of 3 to 3½ inches, and then become shorter and more compact until they measure but about 2 inches, when they start anew, and, this time without turning back, attain a length of two or three feet. Mr. Ales Hrdlicka gives in twenty pages tables based on original observations comparing the weight of the brains of many mammals, birds, and fishes with the weight of the whole body; but it is singular that he should have failed to remark (as some known analogies might have suggested) that the weight of the body was not an informative term of comparison for the brain-weight. He might have given for each species of mammals a constant which, multiplied by the cube-root of the weight of the body, would give a weight for the brain from which, in a half of the individual cases, the divergence would be less than 6 per cent., and which would, therefore, have made his tables highly instructive, while at present they are most confusing.

The Chemical Society of London has had the happy idea of issuing a small annual volume (D. Van Nostrand Co.), reporting the cream of the discoveries made in their science throughout the world. Ten contributors have divided the work, have made their selections with judgment, and have given the results accurately. The chief fault we have noticed is one that besets all such year-books, namely, that where novel conceptions are introduced, they are not always sufficiently explained. Thus, in describing Abegg's important theory of valency, the reporter fails to make clear to us just what is meant by a "contravalency." In yearly reports of the progress of different branches of science, this fault is usually attributable to insufficient study of novel ideas on the part of reporters. The new annual will be particularly welcome to non-chemists who may desire to keep up their acquaintance with the science. More space than we can afford would be required for a list of all the chemical discoveries of 1904 that would interest most of our readers. We will just mention that nicotine and camphor have been virtually made from their elements, and that genuine rubies have been artificially produced.

The new numbers of the Annals of Harvard College Observatory furnish interesting information about the ninth and tenth satellites of Saturn, the discoveries of which, like that of the eighth, are achievements of that establishment. To see either of these last two may fairly be compared to seeing a ball an inch in diameter at a distance of three thousand miles. At the Yerkes Observatory one of them was twice caught sight of by a highly skilled observer who knew just where to look. Otherwise, they are revealed only by photography. We know, however, that one of them always presents the same face to Saturn. They are not mere curiosities. The perturbations of one of them, which are undergoing elaborate examination, are expected to supply astronomers with a much desired fact.

The British Academy have just brought out a paper, entitled "Celtæ and Galli," by Professor Rhŷs of Oxford. This is not the first contribution they have had from him; it was, if we are not mistaken, with his "Studies in Early Irish History" that they opened their proceedings. The present pamphlet, as its name suggests, has to do with the tribes of ancient Gaul. The subject is approached from the linguistic side, the greater space being given up to the interpretation of monuments. Of these the most important are (*a*) the bronze fragments of a five-years' calendar found at Coligny near Lyon[illegible]nd supposed to date from the first [illegible] A.D., and (*b*) two inscriptions on [illegible]ad tablet found at Rom, in what was or[illegible] the territory of the Pictones. Professor Rhŷs finds that the language in which they are written, though Celtic, is not Gaulish, but akin to the earliest known specimens of Irish. In fact, using Irish as the key to this forgotten idiom, he is able to make out to his own satisfaction the sense of all the sentences in the calendar, and of most of those on the tablet. The latter, being in the nature of prayers and curses, are harder to interpret than the former, which perplex mainly through their incompleteness. In any case, after allowing for possible errors, Professor Rhŷs's paper probably marks a considerable advance in our knowledge of the early Celts and their languages. The papers of the Academy, by the way, have not yet been collected in a volume. They may be bought singly from the Clarendon Press or their agent, Mr. Frowde.

The interest in the discussion of the education problem in South Africa continued to the close of the meeting of the British Association. Sir Richard Jebb, by request, repeated his presidential address at Johannesburg to a large and enthusiastic audience. Referring to the special needs of the Transvaal, he said that the nucleus of a university would probably come into operation almost immediately by the establishment of four faculties, namely, engineering and mining, law, agriculture, and education. The elements of three of these faculties were already in existence, and those of the faculty of agriculture would be promptly constituted.

The persistent discouragement of the women contingent by the Prussian universities shows its effects in the statistics of these institutions. Several years ago the general enrolment of women at the German universities reached the maximum of about 1,400, Berlin leading with something like 600. In the semester just closing there were only 960 women as "Hörerinnen," and 78 matriculated, all told. This does not include Bonn, which publishes no separate report of its female attendance. The range is from 3 in Münster to 369 in Berlin. Women can matriculate only in the three universities of Bavaria, the two of Baden, and the one of Würtemberg; yet the bulk flock to the Prussian institutions, where they are not allowed the privilege granted to men. The inference is that women students as a rule are not candidates for academic degrees or honors, but wish only to attain an education in certain lines, and seek the best that is offered in those lines.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for September contains an article on the commercial relations of the West and the Orient from the earliest historic times to the present, by O. P. Austin, chief of the Bureau of Statistics. It is replete with interesting facts and figures, and is illustrated by pictures, maps, and diagrams. A comparison of Sweden and Norway as regards resources, industries, and commerce is timely, and adduces the well-known fact that Norway's merchant marine is fourth in size among the merchant marines of the world. A short account of contemplated improvements in Panama for the exploitation of its resources includes a project for a model town with a complete system of waterworks, electric lights, sewage, and drainage. Plans for these works are open to competition.

The Paris *Journal* draws attention to the peculiar status of the Nobel prizes since the separation of Norway and Sweden. It declares that, if Nobel were yet living, he would see realized the fears he entertained when he made his foundation. Although he was himself a Swede, he nevertheless wanted that the peace prize should be awarded not by his compatriots, but by the Norwegian Storthing, in order that "these two hostile brothers" might come to a better understanding. It is a question now what the executors of his testament will do. Will they respect the last will of the donor and yield to the Norwegian Parliament the right to award this prize, or will they disregard this wish and claim the right for the Swedish Storthing? This question is now being vigorously discussed in interested circles.

Striking evidence of the density of population in some parts of China is given by recent surveys for the railroad now being constructed between Shanghai and Nanking. Along the Soochow section of fifty-two miles 549 centres of rural population exist within a quarter of a mile on either side. It is expected that this section will be open for traffic in March, 1906, and to Wusieh, the great silk district, in June.

—Among the contents of the October *Century*, Gen. Porter's full account of the discovery and identification of the body of John Paul Jones easily takes first place. The evidences of identity were too numerous to be recounted here, and it is sufficient to say that they are so varied, so strong in detail, and so harmonious and overwhelming in the aggregate, that there is no hold left for any reasonable doubt. Among other things, the marks of the pneumonia from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which his left lung suffered severely in 1789 (Buell, vol. ii., pp. 235 and 267), and of the kidney trouble from which he died, were both plainly demonstrable in the long-delayed post-mortem examination conducted by eminent anthropological and medical experts. There will be some difference of opinion as to the propriety of Miss Katharine A. Carl's description of life with the Empress Dowager in the imperial palaces of Peking. It is needless to say that Miss Carl's opportunity to paint the portrait of the Empress, involving admission to the inner life of her court for nearly a year, could never have been secured had there been the slightest suspicion that the artist thus favored would give any account of that life to the press. Miss Carl admits that her action will be an offence to her Chinese friends for which she can never hope to atone, but alleges in justification the propriety of correcting false reports which sensational newspapers have put in circulation without her consent or knowledge. Her paper, the first of a series, is extremely interesting, but readers who have a sensitive conscience in such matters will peruse it with something of the feeling of self-condemnation which they would suffer in peering into the intimacies of some sumptuous private residence through connivance with an unfaithful servant. From the forthcoming memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans we have the first published account of the escape of the Empress Eugénie from Paris to England, during the troublesome days of early September, 1870. The Empress and her attendant, Mme. Lebreton, were accompanied to the coast by Dr. Evans and Dr. Edward A. Crane. Sir John M. Burgoyne, who took the party, with the exception of Dr. Crane, from Deauville to the Isle of Wight in his private yacht, adds an account of the passage, which proved to be dangerously stormy, but which the Empress endured with admirable courage and good spirit.

—All readers of *Outing* are acquainted with the frequent contributions of Edwyn Sandys on various phases of experience with rod or gun. A goodly number of these sketches, together with others not heretofore printed, have been issued from the press of the Macmillan Co. in book form, under the title of 'Sporting Sketches.' As a purveyor of outdoor life to those who are obliged to take their share of it largely from the printed page, Mr. Sandys stands between the genuinely literary sportsman, such as Henry Van Dyke, and the mere spinner of wildly improbable yarns—a type well represented by the volume entitled 'Fergy the Guide,' noticed in these columns some months ago. There is a swagger in his style that seems unduly artificial now and then, and the pocket flask comes forth so frequently as to suggest the callow youth who finds himself tipsy for the first time and is inclined to show himself proud of the achievement. Still, many of his descriptions are remarkably true to life, and they are permeated by a healthful sense of humor. The book might well have spared any description of the "sport" of shooting such a songster as the bobolink, but the passage ends with a condemnation perhaps severe enough to counteract any possible harm. Mr. Sandys distinctly prefers angling to shooting, on the humane ground that the devotee of the gun is apt to be too exclusively absorbed in the mere act of killing, while the angler is more open to accessory sources of satisfaction. But the fly enthusiast would hardly admit him as an angler: "It is not all of fishing to cast flies, nor is it all of sound sense to go without fish when you want 'em simply because the poetic way to take trout happens to be by means of a bunco bug, fashioned out of barbed wire and millinery, and bearing only a questionable resemblance to any honest insect." His chapter on the Mascalonge confines that fish within unduly narrow geographic limits. It is taken occasionally almost anywhere in the drainage basin of the Ohio. Dr. Jordan has in his collection the head of a fine specimen caught near Louisville, Kentucky, and the writer has seen a similar trophy from the Monongahela in West Virginia.

—"Et les morts ne reviennent pas!" exclaimed Berlioz after having seen and heard Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet." It is true, and can be proved. Were there ghosts who could return, Shakspere would be a familiar sight, reproach in his sad eyes, as he confronted the short-story writers who, with growing frequency, take his name hopelessly in vain. It is distressing to find Mr. Quiller-Couch at it in his 'Shakespeare's Christmas, and Other Stories' (Longmans, Green & Co.). Nor is there great relief in the abundant presence of Shakspere's father and the Burbages. Better, yet unsatisfactory, are the remaining stories in his volume, mainly of military adventure. The King's army versus the Parliamentary forces in 1644, Sir John Moore retreating upon Corunna, Wellington in Portugal, are showy names for labels; but the bush is mightier than the wine. Research and perfection of writing will not give a story wings. In fact, this favorite writer has put on what human personality constantly longs for—a new adjective, and has become, for the moment and with exceptions, dull. We rate among the exceptions the two capital Cornish stories of "Ye Sexes, Give Ear!" and "Frenchman's Creek," which have all the crispness and humor of the original "Q." May their tribe increase!

—'The Trend in Higher Education' is the title of a volume of essays, addresses, and papers by President William Rainey Harper (The University of Chicago Press). Many of them are published for the first time. They discuss from what the author would perhaps call the Western point of view the chief university problems of the day, generally in a spirit marked by great moderation. Some of the subjects are "The University and Democracy," "University Training for a Business Woman," "Shall College Athletics Be Endowed?" "Latin vs. Science," "Coeducation," "Alleged Luxury among College Students," and "The Length of the College Course." Summed up, it would be extremely difficult to say exactly what the author believes to be the nature of the "trend" which he discusses. This is partly due to the great number of subjects discussed, for, as the "Higher Education" has broadened, its field has widened so as to cover *omne scibile*. The "trend" is, of course, democratic, and scientific, and eclectic, and coeducational, and modern, and utilitarian; but when we go into details, we find ourselves lost in their immensity. On many subjects there are two sides, and here the author balances rather skilfully between them. The questions of Latin, luxury, and university training for a business career may be cited as examples. On the whole, the book is that of a man of learning of no very pronounced views, who may be called an educational opportunist. He would have the university a true university, and a modern university, and a university which repels no good sort or condition of man; but he would rather have details of administration and study determined by the circumstances of the particular foundation and the terms on which it is acquired. This balance and moderation saves the author from many pitfalls, and at the same time makes it difficult to criticise in any very specific way his attitude towards the "trend."

—Mr. George Washington Moon, who describes himself as "an old man between eighty and ninety, 'a man of war from my youth,'" will be remembered by some readers, no longer young, as the author of an attack on Dean Alford, called 'The Dean's English,' conspicuous chiefly for an innate certainty on all subjects. Age has not withered him, and he has now entered on the field of art criticism, with all his old asperity, cock-sureness, and cheerful ignorance. In 'The £30,000 Portrait in the National Gallery' (Brighton, Eng.: Francombe's Library), he has set out to prove that this canvas is neither a painting by Titian nor a portrait of Ariosto, and he is at least half right, for the portrait is almost certainly not Ariosto's and only doubtfully by Titian; but surely no one ever made a lamer argument for a sustainable thesis. Apparently, Mr. Moon has never heard that Titian's early work was profoundly influenced by Giorgione's and is almost indistinguishable from it; and his method is to quote the vaguest generalities of criticism about Titian's mature style—such as that it was marked by "nobleness," "senatorial dignity," "grandeur and importance," and the like—to find the imputed characteristics, in his own opinion, lacking in the portrait under consideration, and to conclude triumphantly, with heavy underscoring, "*Unquestionably, it was not painted by Titian: for it lacks the acknowledged characteristics of his work.*" The author's ineptitude is best shown, perhaps, in his holding the artist responsible for the costume, which is simply that of the time, and which, he says, "looks like a woman's low-neck dressing-gown, having, round the top of it, a muslin frill!" "Why!" he proceeds, "those American millionaires and their friends have been playing a practical joke upon us by cajoling the National Gallery authorities into becoming the possessors of what they credulously thought to be a portrait of Ariosto by Titian; whereas in reality it is neither a painting by Titian, nor is it a portrait of Ariosto; but is a grotesque combination of the comical and the serious; and represents a little crouching dwarf, with a disproportionately large, and misshapen head;—in fact, a droll personification of 'Humpty Dumpty, Sitting on the Wall!'" Such is his delightful description of an admirable sixteenth-century portrait, which, if it is *not* by Titian, can scarcely be by any one else than Giorgione.

—But the true significance of Mr. Moon's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pamphlet (it is scarcely more), like that of a lady's letter, is in the postscript, in which, having satisfactorily established his position as a connoisseur, he describes several pictures in his own possession, prudently refraining from guaranteeing their authenticity, but roundly asserting them to be by Raphael, Titian, and others, and naming the prices at which he is willing to dispose of them. His "Titian" he asserts to be a portrait of Cardinal Bembo, when secretary to Leo X., but he does not produce the other portraits on which he bases this identification. As to the attribution, "the two principal living experts—men whose names are synonyms for honor and ability," differ about it, one considering it to be the work of a seventeenth-century Italian, the others thinking it by an eighteenth-century German. It follows, of course, that it must be by Titian. The "Raphael" is reproduced, incautiously, and we fear that three pages of elegant extracts about the divine sweetness of the great Umbrian's style will not reassure the doubters. One of Mr. Moon's pictures, by a hitherto unknown artist, should have a value of curiosity—we refer to a "Venice—Sunset; a Fisher," by J. M. W. Turner, P.R.A. As it is said to have been exhibited "the year in which he was elected president," it should be cheap at 5,000 guineas. For the benefit of future historians of the Royal Academy it may be stated that that year was 1845. Mr. Moon's crowning proof of critical acumen, however, is his discovery that, in his "Titian," "not only do the eyes follow you, when you move to the right or the left; but the whole head seems to turn and follow you. . . . This," he says, "is the perfection of portrait painting; and Titian was the greatest master of the art." The conclusion is obvious. The painter of this portrait could not produce, on a flat surface, a head that you can walk around and see from various points of view—neither could Titian—therefore! The reader rubs his eyes and wonders in what age he is living.

THE HISTORICAL SAGAS OF ICELAND.

Origines Islandicæ: A Collection of the more important Sagas and other native writings relating to the Settlement and Early History of Iceland. Edited and translated by Gudbrand Vigfússon and F. York Powell. In 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

The old literature of Iceland is among the most striking literatures that the world has ever seen. The population of the island has never been more than about seventy thousand, and the people have always had to resist a climate of grim severity, with few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life. But both in prose and in poetry they have produced much work of the highest merit, work with a character entirely its own, hardly more unlike the literature of the primitive Greeks, or primitive Arabs, or primitive Celts, than it is to the literature of the earlier Middle Ages among their Teutonic kinsfolk in Germany. With the poetry of the Icelanders, the two volumes that lie before us have nothing to do. It was collected in a book by the same authors as those to whom we owe these volumes, a book published some twenty years ago under the title of 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale.' What we have now is only prose writings, and only a selection from a much larger mass of such prose writings as have a certain historical interest, because they contain matter which throws light on the annals of Iceland and (to a less degree) on the annals of other parts of northwestern Europe during the tenth and three following centuries. The selection is to some extent arbitrary, because no two persons would quite agree as to which writings were entitled to be called historical, nor as to which were so easily accessible in print elsewhere that it was needless to include them in the present collection. However, even those who may not adopt the view these editors have taken, will be too grateful to them for what they have here given us to quarrel with them over any questions of insertion or omission.

The principal contents of the two volumes—we need not enumerate everything contained—are as follows:

(1.) *Landnámabok*—the Book of the Land-Taking, whereof more anon. This work, the foundation of the chronicles of the island, is followed by several genealogies, extracted from the Story of Njal and various other sagas, and placed here in order to illustrate and complete the family records of Landnáma. Icelandic history has the genealogies for its skeleton.

(2.) *Islendingabok* (Libellus Islandorum) a collection of notes made in the eleventh or twelfth century, chiefly by Ari the Wise, a learned Icelander, relating to the old law and customs of the Norsemen settled in Iceland, followed by other scattered matter bearing on the same subject, taken from other ancient sources.

(3.) Tales and Legends relating to the conversion and early church history of Iceland, including the Lives of sundry ancient bishops, together with miscellaneous matters, partly tales, partly bits of ecclesiastical law.

(4.) Sagas relating to the history of Iceland during the first two centuries (roughly from A. D. 900 to A. D. 1100), divided into four sections, which treat of the South, the West, the North, and the East Quarters respectively. Among these there are some well-known tales already translated into English, such as the Eyrbyggja Saga, the story of Gisli, and the story of Viga Glum, with others less familiar and hitherto untranslated, such as the vivacious and dramatic Saga of Hrafnkel Freysgodi (Priest of Frey).

(5.) Sagas relating to the exploring voyages of Icelanders, including the two which describe the first discovery of America, the story of Erik the Red and the story of Thorfinn Karlsemne.

All or nearly all of this matter has, we think, been printed before in Iceland or in Denmark, but much of it is now accessible only in books that have became scarce, and in texts far from accurate. It is therefore a great service to the student of the old Northern history and language to have so many tales brought together in this convenient form, and to have a text which has been carefully revised. Those who read Icelandic are still unfortunately so few that the addition of an English translation of most of the contents of the volumes is a great boon, while even the scholar who knows the language may be grateful for the help an almost literal translation gives in making out passages which are often of some difficulty.

How much is due to each of the two editors is not stated in the preface. Both, alas! have left us. Gudbrand Vigfússon died some years ago, and York Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, passed away in the spring of last year. Apparently the revision of the text, and the valuable prefatory notes to each saga dealing with its text and the date of its origin, are due to Vigfússon, while the translation has been done by both working together, as they worked in the preparation of the 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale.' Vigfússon was a scholar of eminent learning and extraordinary care and assiduity, who knew the literature of his native isle as few men in modern times have done. York Powell, with far less mastery of the Icelandic sources, had great literary talent and a wonderfully wide range of knowledge. It was hard to find any historical subject about which he was not almost as well informed as those who had made a special study of it. Unfortunately, he was not businesslike in his literary habits, and has left us far less than his gifts and attainments would have enabled him to leave had he been more methodical, and had he been willing to read less that he might produce more. Thus the book is in several respects unfinished, for it has not received that revision which it needed all the more because Gudbrand Vigfússon died before giving to it the final touches which only he could give. Nevertheless, deeply as we must regret the loss of these two distinguished men before completing their work, the book as it stands is one of great value, and will doubtless find a place on the shelves of every university library and of every scholar of the old Northern literature.

Before we pass to the sagas themselves, a word may be said about the translation. It is clear, direct, and simple, slightly archaic, as is right, but not so quaintly archaic as the later translations from the Icelandic which we owe to the late William Morris and his coadjutor, Mr. Eirikr Magnússon. The proper names are, however, treated in a puzzling way, being sometimes given in their old (though not their oldest) Icelandic form, and sometimes, where they have (as usually) a meaning, rendered into Old English equivalents. It would have been better to give them always in Icelandic, explaining the meaning in a footnote. Every now and then old-fashioned English words are used which need a glossary to explain. How many of us know what is meant by a "cog" or by an "oyce"?

The Icelandic saga is a remarkable and indeed almost unique form of literature. It is in prose, though fragments of verse are found here and there imbedded in it, being the verses of old poets or composed by the persons themselves to whom the story relates. The prose is plain, simple, concise, nervous, unsurpassable for clearness and directness. No better narratives are to be found in any language. The style and manner are most like those of parts of the Old Testament, such as the story of Joseph in the book of Genesis, or the stories of Deborah, Gideon, and Samson in the book of Judges. Herodotus tells a story equally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well, but he tells it with a more obviously artistic touch; for though there is an art in many of the sagas, it escapes notice, owing to the perfect ease with which the narrative flows on, and to a simplicity that would be bare and hard were it not so fresh, were not the incidents so true to human nature, were not the language the necessary and inevitable language in which to convey the incidents. The narrator never interposes comments or reflections, nor do we find anything to enlighten us as to who the narrator was. We seem to listen to his voice as he repeats his tale to a listening circle in the hall of an Icelandic house in the long nights of an Arctic winter. Much of each tale consists of talk passing between the actors; and the talk is always short, crisp, and vigorous, ringing clear like the stroke of a sword on a shield. Often intensely dramatic, it gains in its effect from the very absence of any comment, even such comment as the chorus makes in a Greek tragedy. All that happens seems to be the natural result of character, and of that conjunction of circumstances which makes Fate. Though Fate is rarely mentioned, one often feels its overmastering power just as in a Greek tragedy.

Most of these sagas grew up in the eleventh century, and lived on the lips of the story-tellers for two or perhaps three generations before they were written down. Many have doubtless perished, and some have been preserved in only one manuscript. The most remarkable, as an historical document, though not so interesting as a piece of literature, is the one with which this collection begins, the 'Book of the Land-Taking.' It enumerates the various chiefs who settled in Iceland from A. D. 874 onwards, coming mostly from Norway, but a few from the Norse colonies in Ireland and the Shetland Isles. Each settler's genealogy is given, sometimes running back two or three or even four generations, and his children and more remote offspring down to the date of the compilation of the book. The place where he settled is mentioned, and details are often added as to his adventures or his character, and the fortunes of his descendants. Thus the book constitutes a sort of biographical dictionary and politico-geographical sketch of Iceland to which there is no parallel in the early literature of any other European country. It reminds one a little of the catalogue of heroes and ships in the second book of the Iliad, but is a great deal fuller and more minute; and it also reminds one of Domesday book, though more occupied with genealogies and less with land. Curious anecdotes are interspersed, throwing much light upon the customs and life of the Icelanders; so the book, though almost as full of proper names as the genealogical chapters of Nehemiah and Ezra, is much more entertaining. As is observed in the preface to these volumes: "No other work is so thoroughly representative [as is Landnámabok] of that unwearied interest in personal and local details which was characteristic of Icelanders in the past, and is by no means extinct at the present day." The book, in its oldest form, was compiled by Ari hinn Frodi (the Wise), a learned Icelander who, born in A. D. 1067, lived till 1148. It was revised by two hands in the thirteenth century, and has come down to us with a good many additions later than Ari's time, though these additions are in most cases so old as to be of nearly equal value to the older parts. It is the foundation of all we know about the beginnings of Iceland, and its genealogies serve to connect the other sagas.

We must pass over the tales which relate to the Christianization of the isle (A. D. 1000), and the doings of the early bishops, to come to the sagas in the second volume, most of which are rather biographical than historical, though enshrining some historical and legal facts, and illustrating the life and manners of the people in a way which gives them historical value. Among these, none is more interesting to American readers than the saga of Eirikr Raude (Erik the Red). Erik was, according to Landnámabok (p. 72 of this edition), the son of Thorvald, the son of Asvald, the son of Ulf, the son of Yxna-Thori (all chiefs in Norway), and came with his father to Iceland, whence he sailed to Greenland, and became the first settler and principal chief there in or about A. D. 984. While he was living there, there came to Greenland an Icelander named Bearne, who, in sailing from Iceland to Greenland, had been driven far to the south, and seen lands unknown before. The news of this discovery roused the adventurous spirit of Leif, son of Erik the Red, who presently fitted out a ship with a crew of thirty-five men, and sailed from Greenland to look for the new lands. First he came to a land where there was no grass, but great sheets of shale ran up from the shore to glaciers above. Next, after sailing further, they came to another land which was very low, and where were woods behind a beach of white sand. Then, putting out to sea again, they ran before a northeast wind for two days, and came to islands lying off a grass-covered coast, and ran into a shallow bay, where a river entered, and their ship was left upon the shoals by the receding tide. Here they spent the winter, building themselves booths and stringing their hammocks in them. They caught salmon, as many as they wanted, and they said that there was no frost in the winter, and the herbs hardly withered. A German, who was in their company, found vines, so the land was called Vinland.

Another saga, called after another Icelander named Thorfinn Karlsemne, gives an account of this voyage of Leif's differing in some points, and adds a narrative of a later voyage made by Karlsemne himself southward from Greenland, along the same coast, in which a number of further details about Vinland are given, including stories of trafficking and of fighting with the natives of the land, who are called Skraelings, and the physical characteristics of whom point rather to Esquimaux than to North American Indians such as one would expect to find in regions where the climate was mild enough for wild vines and wild wheat to grow, and where the sun in midwinter rose at the time of day-meal (8 A. M.), and set at the time of afternoon-meal (4 P. M.). This is one among many difficulties attaching to the narratives of these two sagas, as we have them. But that Icelanders did find new lands far to the south of Greenland, and did get down to a temperate climate, seems to admit of no doubt. We need not be tempted to identify the bay where Leif landed with Newport or the Charles River. The indications are vague, as might be expected in a story that has passed through many mouths. But, vague as they are, and marvellous as are some of the incidents narrated, there is obviously a substratum of fact, and the things related about Vinland and the Skraelings have every appearance of belonging to that substratum. There is little that one can call romantic or fantastic about them. References to these discoveries occur now and then in other Icelandic tales, and we are told that a bishop of Greenland set off to refind the then lost lands about A. D. 1121, and that in 1347 a vessel went as far as one of the more northerly points touched at by Leif. Thereafter the curtain (first raised by Bearne) falls, not to rise till after Christopher Columbus.

Apart from these stray lights upon history and geography, these sagas present a wonderfully fresh and vital picture of Old Northern life and character. The customs and beliefs of the people, their legal usages, which occupied a great part of the thinking and doing of the Norsemen, their family relations, including the duty of avenging a kinsman's death, and their superstitions, often extremely curious, are all set forth with bold lines and in strong colors. As the sagas were written down in Christian times, there is less left of the old mythology than one could desire, yet more than we find of the old Celtic mythology in the primitive Irish writings. One remarkable difference between the early Norse and the early Celtic literature must not be omitted. There is much less feeling for nature among these Teutons than one finds among the Celts. Man occupies them entirely, and nature is not referred to even so far as to give any sort of background or any sense of atmosphere. On the other hand, the delineation of character is incomparably more sharp and telling than it is in the Celtic tales or poems, and the narrative incomparably more spirited. In this respect it is only the Greeks who can be deemed to have equalled or surpassed the Icelanders, equalled them in vigor and dramatic quality, surpassed them in largeness of conception and in finished grace of execution. The epics of early India, the epics of mediæval Persia and the early Middle Ages in Europe, the ballad poetry of Europe a little later, even the lyric poetry of early Arabia, are all far less interesting, and present far less striking pictures of human life than do these products of nameless sagamen and poets in the snowy North.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.—II.

The Native Tribes of South-East Australia. By A. W. Howitt, D.Sc., Honorary Fellow Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. xix, 819.

The Northern Tribes of Central Australia. By Baldwin Spencer, M.A., F.R.S., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, Professor of Biology in the University of Melbourne, and F. J. Gillen, Special Magistrate and Sub-protector of Aborigines, South Australia. Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. xxxv, 784.

L'Origine des Pouvoirs Magiques dans les Sociétés Australiennes. Par M. Mauss, maître de conférences pour l'histoire des

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

religions des peuples non civilisés. (École Pratique des Hautes Études. Section des Sciences Religieuses.) Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1905. Pp. 55.

'The Northern Tribes of Central Australia' is a worthy successor to the authors' previous work on the native tribes of Central Australia, which added so much to our knowledge of primitive man in the island-continent. After a general ethnographic introduction, the following topics are discussed: physical features, social organization, marriage ceremonies, totems and sacred ceremonies connected therewith, the *churinga* and allied objects, *intichiuma* ceremonies, eating the totemic animal or plant, initiation ceremonies, fire ceremony of the Warramunga, traditions relating to totemic ancestors, magic, medicine men (their power and making), superior beings, burial and mourning customs, the avenging party, welcoming dance, names and naming, various customs (knocking out teeth, giving blood, hair, childbirth, food-restrictions, nose-boring, inheritance, fire-making), myths (sun, moon, stars, comets, rainbow, whirlwind), weapons and implements, clothing and ornament, decorative art. Pages 745-766 are occupied by a glossary of native terms used, and pages 767-773 by a list of totem names (mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibia, fish, insects, mollusks, plants, material objects, natural phenomena, human beings). In an inserted table are given the chief physical measurements of 23 adult males, 17 adult females, 7 girls, and 5 boys. The numerous illustrations, as is also the case with those in Mr. Howitt's book, are excellent and are as instructive as the text itself.

This work endeavors to fill the gap in our knowledge of the tribes inhabiting the wide extent of territory between the Macdonnell Ranges and the Gulf of Carpentaria. The intimate nature of some of the information published arises from the fact that one of the authors spent nearly twenty years among the Arunta tribe, while "both are regarded as fully initiated members of the same tribe." Possibilities of observation and photography were open to them that were utterly beyond the reach of other investigators. Among the chief general results of their inquiries the authors find that, in so far as important beliefs and customs are concerned, there is no radical difference between tribes which count descent in the male line and others which count it in the female line. The belief that the members of the totemic group are responsible for the increase of the animal or plant which gives its name to the group, is more widespread than was formerly known. Universal in the area in question is the belief that every living member of the tribe is the reincarnation of a spirit ancestor (the method of determining the totem of the individual varies in different tribes, from the simple ideas of the Arunta and Kaitish to the complicated notions of the Urabunna). Moreover, these tribes, which believe that "the child is the direct result of the entrance into the mother of an ancestral spirit individual," have, the authors assure us, "no idea of procreation as being directly associated with sexual intercourse, and firmly believe that children can be born without this taking place." It is astonishing that a people of the capacity of the Australian blacks, as shown by some of their other ideas and accomplishments, should entertain so naïve a view of a fundamental human attribute. With a change of environment, the Australian mind might have developed some brilliant parthenogenetic lore, doctrines of virgin-birth, and the like. But the Gnanji, "a wild and savage-looking people," who form a sort of buffer between the coast and inland tribes, have a quite definite belief that "a woman has no *moidna* or spirit part," and, consequently, while many spirit female children exist, "they never undergo reincarnation." Where girl infants come from is not made clear by the native ideas.

Another interesting fact brought out in this book is that, while among the tribes considered there exists "a most remarkable agreement (often, indeed, extending to details) in regard to some of the most important customs and beliefs," there exists also, side by side with these resemblances and identities, "equally marked divergence in regard to speech" (p. 15). The Arunta and the Kaitish, *e. g.*, on perfectly good terms with each other, possessing "customs, organization, and beliefs almost identical," have mutually unintelligible languages. Here, again, we meet a phenomenon well known in primitive America; indeed, the problem of the relation of all the Australian tongues to one another and to a common stock raises the questions familiar to students of American Indian languages. As to the peopling of Australia, the authors hold to the theory of two immigrations by the far north of the island—the original one, of which the Tasmanians (who reached what is now that island when land-connections still existed) were the modern representatives, and a second one (ancestors of the present Australian blacks) the participators in which were of a somewhat higher stage of culture than the first. These proto-Australians spread over the land from the north in three directions: coastwise (east), riverwise (southwest), and towards the centre. After the second migration the waterways separating Australia from lands on the north operated to prevent any further immigrations on a large scale, and Messrs. Spencer and Gillen are quite right in scouting the idea of any sensible Malay influence, and in declaring that, "if there be one thing which, more than any other, is strikingly true in regard to the present inhabitants of the continent, it is that, except to a very slight extent on the north-east, they have been uninfluenced by outside peoples." The course of such changes in totemic customs, etc., as can be detected has been from north to south, following the original line of migration, which is also further indicated by the fact that "such things as *corrobborees*, which are handed on from tribe to tribe, always pass from north to south, and never vice-versa."

Our authors emphasize the importance of the informal discussions (there is nothing like a definite "meeting" in our sense of the term, with set dates and regular speeches) which take place during the performance of the principal ceremonies. Here matters of tribal interest are discussed, and "it is undoubtedly by means of the meetings and consultations of leading men such as these that changes in regard to customs can be introduced." It is thus that the natural conservatism of some savage peoples can be overcome and reforms made possible. On these points our authors are in agreement with Mr. Howitt. There is something of truth, then, in the traditions that ascribe to certain special men or women the invention of this implement or weapon, of that custom or institution. The position of women and of the aged among the tribes studied by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen is by no means so desperate as has been charged against the Australian natives by many writers. Apart from certain revolting ceremonies which are a matter of ancient tribal custom, "the natives, on the whole, are decidedly kind to one another," and there is "no such thing as allowing an old and infirm person to starve." The stories of brutal treatment of wives and of continual and cruel inter-tribal warfare are very much exaggerated. The so-called "wife-captures" are very often only prearranged elopements, and "the members of contiguous tribes, where they are in contact, live for the most part in a state of mutual friendship." The initiation ceremonies (the rite common to all the ancestors was probably that of knocking out a tooth) bring about in the life of the men a duality of experiences and activities—"a peaceful monotony" of the ordinary existence common to men and women, "broken every now and then by the excitement of a fight"; and, on the other hand, "matters of a sacred or secret nature," concealed more or less from the women, which, with increasing age, "occupy by far the greater part of his thoughts," while his mind's eye contemplates return to the spirit home and subsequent reincarnation. Up to the age of fourteen, however, the young Australian is "perfectly free" to wander, to play, to work, to watch, to imitate where permissible, at will. When he is made a man, he puts off childish things.

The prevalence of individual marriage in Australia is greater than is commonly supposed, and most of the sexual irregularities occur in connection with ancient ceremonies, representing, some authorities think, the reluctance of the primitive group to permit to any one man the monopoly of any one woman. The interesting Intichiuma ceremonies, which (except "rain-making") had been known only from the Central Australian tribes with male descent, are found by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen to "exist well developed in the case of tribes which count descent in the female line, and in which also there are no true class names, but only names for the moities." The Warramunga, with whom the present work is concerned, have some peculiar and suggestive totemic ceremonies relating to a mythic ancestor, the *wollunqua*, a great snake, who is said to be still living in the Thapauerlu waterhole in the Murchison range. In the *nathagura*, or fire ceremony, of the Warramunga the women take part. Of the medicine men we are told (p. 479) that, "with the exception of the Anula tribe, on the Gulf coast, the function . . . is to withdraw, and not to impart, evil magic." The form of magic most widespread is that associated with pointing-sticks and bones. Among the twenty tribes inhabiting the central and north central portions of Australia, there is, apparently, no equivalent of the beings called *Baime* or *Daramulun* (all-fathers, supreme beings) reported from the tribes of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the east and southeast, although, in the initiation ceremonies among all the central tribes, the women and children are made to believe that the sound of the bull-roarer is the voice of a great spirit coming to take away the youth. To the set of customs and beliefs relating to these beings our authors prefer to apply the term "sacred" or "secret," rather than "religious." Regarding such "moral precepts" as exist among these tribes, they do not think they are supposed to have the sanction of a "superior being," but probably "have originated in the first instance in association with the purely selfish idea of the older men to keep all the best things for themselves."

The myths and traditions relating to the celestial bodies are comparatively small in number among these tribes; and the stars, except the very bright ones, seem much neglected. With respect to the rainbow, the Kaitish and the Anula entertain opposite opinions, the former believing that it follows, the latter that it precedes, the rain. Another instance of foreign influence is to be found in the fate of stone implements, the making of which "threatens to become rapidly a thing of the past over practically the greater part of the central area." This is due to the introduction of iron tomahawks, hoop iron, wire, etc. Their stone implements range from very rude specimens, like those of the old Tasmanians, to chipped ones "as well made as those found in European barrows." Of spears no fewer than eleven main types are described. The "true central" tribes do not manufacture fish-hooks, but capture fish by driving them onto the land out of the shallow water-holes. They are likewise ignorant of boats, there being no water to occasion their use; but, as the authors point out (p. 666), there is a striking likeness in form between the *pitchis* (or wooden bowls) and boats. In the matter of decorative art, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen are of opinion that "the Central Australian savage has been but very little influenced by his natural surroundings." His delight is in the production of wavy lines, circles, and spirals; that of the West Australian is in squares and zigzag lines. The origin of these geometrical designs is not known, and they have now purely conventional meanings. The ground-drawings, which are a prominent feature of some of the totemic ceremonies, are perhaps the most interesting specimens of Australian aboriginal decorative art. The idea entertained by some writers that the modern Australian blacks are a people who have "fallen from the high estate" of their ancestors is not tenable in view of the facts disclosed in this volume. The authors well say that the "elaborate ritual," about which so much has been said, "is without doubt elaborate, but, at the same time, it is eminently crude and savage in all essential details," and "though the ceremonies are very numerous, each one is, in reality, simple and often crude, it being only their number which causes them to appear highly developed." This truth many observers have never seen.

Professor Mauss's little monograph on Australian magic is one of many essays which might be based upon the books just reviewed. He claims to have read practically all the literature of the subject, and his references are certainly numerous enough. He treats the matter under these heads: the magic power, birth, revelation, initiation by other magicians (traditional revelation), the relation between initiation by revelation and initiation by magic traditions, the preservation and the disappearance of magic powers. The initiation ceremonies, etc., have the result of producing in the medicine man and his adepts "a state of collective belief" by virtue of which he becomes at one and the same time the explorer and the slave of the social consensus, the "public opinion" of the tribe. He is half-sincere, for his early ecstasies are not altogether feigned, and the perfect credulity of his disciples convinces him not infrequently of the reality of their experiences. The Australian medicine man has at least that "half-sincerity" possessed by the professional magicians of all lands. He is in a position to fill out his personality, and this is what primitive society demands of him; he acquires, as it were, a "new soul," which permits him to have particular and intimate relations with nature and man, alive and dead and waiting to be born. He is what he is, does what he does, is treated as he is, because society intends and urges him to be such. He is, in fact, a being of the greatest sociological value.

These two books, full of new and important data, and this little essay, seeking to reach a generalization upon one particular topic, are among the most recent and most valuable contributions to the literature of the Australian aborigines. In reading them one is impressed more than ever with the fact of the essential unity of the human mind and the psychic nearness of all peoples to ourselves, whether the distance that separates us from them be one of space, time, race, or culture.

MORE BIRD BOOKS.

The Home Life of Wild Birds: A New Method of the Study and Photography of Birds. By Francis Hobart Herrick. Revised edition, with 160 original illustrations from nature by the Author. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. 8vo, pp. xvi, 255.

Photography for "The Sportsman Naturalist." By L. W. Brownell. Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. xviii, 311.

Bird Life and Bird Lore. By R. Bosworth Smith, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and formerly Assistant Master of Harrow School. With illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905. 8vo, pp. xx, 434.

The first edition of Mr. Herrick's 'Home Life of Wild Birds' was printed in 1901, and contained the most remarkable series of original photographs that had appeared in any one volume, as well as interesting and valuable notes upon the home life and habits of birds. A new method was announced, which consisted in what the author termed "the control of the nesting-site"—that is, the removal of the nesting-bough with its nest, and its transportation to some convenient place where satisfactory illumination of the subjects could be obtained and affairs at the nest could be viewed and photographed by the observer, who was concealed in a small tent placed close to the nest. Many grave doubts were entertained by critics as to the advisability of such radical measures, and great loss of bird life was predicted if it were employed, but the author now informs us that, during the past five years, only four broods out of fifty-nine have come to grief, and two of these owing to interference by hay-makers. This is a most remarkable record—our own observations show a much greater percentage of losses in undisturbed nests; in fact, the difference is so great that it would seem advisable to recommend the method for the protection it affords—that is, provided the observer employs all the precautions prescribed by the author. Professor Herrick tells us that the only depredation he fears is the irresponsible or malicious small boy, but the dangers from this evil are minimized by the almost constant attendance of the observer.

The present issue is in octavo form and has been largely rewritten and entirely reset. The first three chapters have been materially changed; chapter xi, on "Nest-Building," is entirely new, as are also in large measure those which follow, on "The Development and Care of the Young" and on "Life and Instinct." Forty-eight new illustrations have been added, and twenty-nine of the one hundred and forty-one that appeared in the first edition have been dropped.

Mr. Brownell's volume is one of the second series of the "American Sportsman's Library." The title is somewhat misleading; the contents would be better represented if the word "Sportsman" were deleted, since they not only deal with game photography (unless all is game that comes to the sportsman's camera), but portray various phases of animal and plant life. It is essentially a book for the novice, and it begins at the beginning, the stage to which most camera users return after a campaign of snapshots, and from which the second better directed and more useful sally is made. In this second effort the camera is usually employed in a certain definite direction to some particular end. In the early chapters, Mr. Brownell calls attention to the great need of good figures from life of almost all our game, and appeals to the sportsman to supply these as trophies of his art by combining with the gun the use of a camera. The camera, lenses, shutters, and the necessary apparatus for a field-worker, together with the appointments of the dark-room, are well treated in the next three chapters, which contain valuable suggestions to the beginner, and will undoubtedly save him not only many discouraging experiences, but a large amount of cash. The author might have been a little more positive in his statements on these topics, for, after his explicit instructions based on experience, it would hardly seem necessary that "the beginner should experiment for himself until he finds that which he considers best adapted to his use." These general instructions are followed by chapters on photographing mammals, birds, birds' nests and young, insects, fish, reptiles, flowers, trees, fungi, animals at the zoölogical gardens, and lastly a chapter on photographing in camp and woods. There is scarcely a field which has not received some consideration.

There is little doubt that much can and should be done in this line. Hunting with a camera offers the nearest substitute for hunting with the gun; the only disappointing part is the uncertainty of the result of your shot. Your game goes on, and all you have is the hope that your film

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contains the image. While we agree in general with Mr. Brownell that photographs should represent the organism in the native free and living state, we also believe it next to impossible to get good, clearly defined pictures of many animals in this manner; and even if this were possible by the exercise of endless patience, we venture to ask how long it would have taken to secure the illustrations for such a work as Holland's 'Butterfly Book,' from life. The volume speaks of work done, of almost countless plates exposed, and many good results obtained. It is illustrated with eighty-four half-tone cuts, almost all after photographs by the author, selected to show the various phases discussed.

In 'Bird Life and Bird Lore' we have a popular treatise by a lifelong observer of English birds, who has the happy faculty of combining his personal observations with those of his predecessors and conferees into a series of pleasing and instructive sketches. For example, in his account of the raven, which embraces three of the ten chapters, we find a description of the fowl, his status in poetry, history, hagiology, and folklore, together with the author's observations, covering a period of fifty years. Throughout the book there is an earnest plea for the protection of birds, more particularly the much-abused Raptores, which appear to have been as ill treated abroad as in our own country in the past. The chapter on owls should convince the most skeptical reader that there is more good than evil in these birds of the night. "The Old Thatched Rectory and its Birds" (Stafford), "The Old Manor House and its Surroundings," and "Bird Life at Bingham's Melcombe" (Dorset), describe these picturesque places, their traditions and inhabitants, human and avian, and the relations they bear to each other. The Rectory was the home of the author's youth, while his later years were spent at Bingham's Melcombe. "A Day on the Norfolk Mere" narrates the events of an outing on the breeding-grounds of the water-fowl, while "The Wild Duck" discusses the mallard, its habits and present status as a game bird, and mallard hunting. Another essay deals with the magpie, which has received the same careful consideration bestowed upon the raven. The book is illustrated with seventeen half-tone reproductions of drawings and photographs of birds, bird-haunts, the Rectory, and Bingham's Melcombe, and concludes with an elaborate and complete index.

THE CIVIL WAR REVIEWED.

The War between the Union and the Confederacy, and its Lost Opportunities. By William C. Oates. The Neale Publishing Company. 1905.

The New Zealander's contemporary, or predecessor, will find in Gov. Oates's autobiographical history an unconscious but excellent delineation of the Southern American who made the civil war possible, and he will follow the mind of one type of Confederate soldier through those four years. It is quite enough for the political side of the volume to say that, a theoretical secessionist, the author maintains that the withdrawal of States from the Union would not have destroyed it, and consequently Lincoln's Gettysburg address was made "on the erroneous hypothesis that the life of the nation was at stake." "The assumption that the Confederates sought the destruction of the Union was preposterous" (pp. 36-37).

It would have been better had the author not discussed the general operations of the war, for where he treats of battles or campaigns in which he did not participate the work has no reason for being. It is not worth while seriously to notice statements of which this is an example:

"The United States soon [after the destruction of the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*] brought around the *Monitor* ironclad to attack the *Virginia*, which it did only at long range, . . . apparently afraid to advance on the *Virginia*. . . . The dread of the *Virginia* and the Confederate batteries on the Potomac caused Gen. McClellan to transport his troops to Fortress Monroe and the Peninsula via Annapolis [and thence] by transport" (p. 109).

The personal interest in this loosely written volume lies in the naïve account of the Fifteenth Alabama, raised in the southeastern part of the State, as it gradually "found itself" through the rough experience of the field and became a formidable agent of war. Doubtless it is a fair type of many other such organizations, agglomerations of unsophisticated units. A captain, whose name is given, made his first march in Virginia "at the head of his company with a great umbrella stretched over him." But he "was large and corpulent, a lawyer by profession, unused to the sun, fifty-two years old, and therefore excusable." This "therefore" is a clue to many of the oddities of those days. When Capt. Oates's company visited the field of the First Manassas, the crushed fennel and pennyroyal still emitted a pungent odor which some of the men attributed to the "dead Yankees, supposing that they had a different smell from other dead men"! Attacked, as all rural troops invariably are, by measles, Gen. Oates (he became a general in the Spanish war) sagaciously points out that the mortality from this, and he might truly add from all other camp diseases, is deplorably increased by the mistaken but invariable policy of new troops, when left to themselves, of maintaining regimental, instead of competent, hospitals. Country levies simply must pass through epidemics, frequently devastating epidemics, of those infectious diseases of which townbred regiments represent the survivors, and they cannot be properly cared for by and among their untrained comrades.

Rambling and careless in style, frequently in error as to events, sometimes grotesque in opinions and occasionally prejudiced against individuals (Longstreet being a conspicuous victim), the author so clearly intends to describe facts as he saw them that we draw attention to one experience, more important than a mere passing incident. It illustrates how easily the great currents of war may be diverted. Such examples occur in every campaign, in most great battles, nor is it just to attribute them all to neglect at headquarters. No commander is omniscient. It is only the very great general or the superior army that sometimes can shut the door once opened to disaster. It is familiar history that, on the second day of Gettysburg, Warren saved the Union left, probably the Union line, by hurrying in the very nick of time Hazlett's battery and Vincent's brigade, torn by his own initiative from another command, to the unoccupied crest of Little Round Top. On that day Lee had directed Longstreet to attack the Union left by the Emmittsburg road, and, without peremptorily fixing the hour, had desired this to be in the morning. For reasons satisfactory to himself, Longstreet delayed until the afternoon, by which time Law's brigade had arrived from toward Chambersburg. When Hood's division advanced, the Fifteenth Alabama was on the extreme right, which carried it beyond the Union left. Oates's original orders required him to pass up the valley between the Round Tops and to move by his left upon Little Round Top, the immediate key to the Union flank. But pressing back some intervening skirmishers, he was tolled to Great Round Top, still further to the Union left and 120 feet higher. Halting there, he entreated a staff officer of Law to authorize him to remain. Wisely this officer, who had been sent to learn why Oates had halted, iterated the order, and the course to Little Round Top was resumed. That delay cost the Confederates its possession. The time consumed by resting and by pleading for permission to hold that hill had been utilized by Warren, and, ten minutes before the assailants swarmed up the lesser height, Vincent and Hazlett were guarding its summit.

The delay, trifling in point of time, was the turning-point of the battle for that part of the field, and perhaps for the whole field; and although Col. Oates did not seem to appreciate it then, and perhaps does not realize it now, his allowing himself to be led off by the skirmishers and then dallying upon the Pisgah of Great Round Top appears to have sacrificed for Lee the second day of the battle. It is useless to say that Longstreet should have struck early in the morning, or that he should have taken the responsibility of modifying the letter of Lee's order as to the Emmittsburg road. When he did strike, there was time for the troops under Oates's immediate command to occupy the empty crown of Little Round Top, with the probability of effective support by Hood. Nor is it a sufficient answer that Great Round Top, where Oates was, commanded Little Round Top, where he was not. It was higher, but its apex was a thousand yards away, and out of effective infantry fire with the arms of '63. He might have made a Gibraltar of it, as he claimed; but, like Gibraltar, its significance was defensive. It had no aggressive value except for artillery fire, and two could play at that game. This was simply a matter of ten minutes, but of ten absolutely necessary minutes, minutes of fate.

Waning enthusiasm early in the war, straggling at all times, and wholesale desertion later, civil incompetence, and frequent military inefficiency are again and again reiterated as leading to the general failure. Among our author's ingenuous accounts of interior military life there is no mention of prayer meetings, which are conspicuous in Gordon's Reminiscences; but that both officers and men should be drunk on opportunity (pp. 165, 198) seemed a matter of course. Col. Oates is quite sure that, notwithstanding the Richmond press, the Virginians did not do all the fighting; he believes that the men from the Cotton States were the military superiors of those

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the Border States; and he feels certain that Hood's division, stronger by 2,500 than Pickett's, two of whose best brigades were absent, would have carried and held Pickett's objective at Gettysburg. There is constant and sharp criticism of Longstreet, upon whom so much post-bellum Confederate fire converged, and for Davis as a leader Gov. Oates has unconcealed contempt, although regarding him as "a noble man, true to the cause and the people he represented."

From this heterogeneous mass of anecdote, plain fact, and general argument, we select but one more example. It is the circumstantial account (p. 236) of a young wounded Union general's suicide within the Confederate lines at Gettysburg, as detailed "then and there" by the Alabama officer who demanded his surrender. Col. Oates himself not being fifty paces away. The report, which is not new, has always been denied by Union writers, but this record is very straightforward.

Gen. Oates attributes the failure of the Rebellion (as we prefer to call it) to a series of causes, some independent, some chainlike, as follows: Confederate independence was threefold more difficult to accomplish than had been apprehended. That is to say, the war was blithesomely begun without its cost being counted, and adequate means were never at hand. Firing upon Sumter was a mistake, because it consolidated the North, which otherwise would not have inaugurated a war of coercion (notwithstanding other forts and places were held by the insurgents in arms). An established credit in Europe at the very beginning, based upon cotton, would have furnished a gold basis for carrying on the contest. This reckons without the blockade. Negro soldiers under white officers, with their freedom guaranteed, should have met the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. Of this later. The absence of a geographical barrier, which is a truth of nature, for

"Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die."

To live in peace with the United States separated by an artificial boundary would have been difficult, but not impossible—with no Fugitive Slave law! The "Lost Opportunities," chiefly tactical, we have no space to discuss.

Among his conclusions Gov. Oates recognizes an internal danger, a "troublesome and poisonous serpent," in the Confederate Constitution. As that Constitution, adopted almost solidly from the United States Constitution, made no provision to the contrary, according to Confederate doctrine Confederate success would have carried with it the right of a State to withdraw at will from the Confederacy. That would never do: "too fickle a standard for the basis of a great and stable Government." Gov. Oates would "have had the germ of dissolution forever blasted" by a requirement that the consent of the majority, or of two-thirds, of the States should be necessary for the withdrawal of one. But he admits that it is now settled "that the Union cannot be dissolved and that the States cannot be destroyed." The germ has been blasted.

The relation of slavery to the Confederate cause, and particularly the expediency of using negro troops in defence of the Confederacy, are now merely academic questions, along with that of the righteousness of the Confederacy itself. But they were so important in their day that it is well worth learning what this earnest fighting man, and we may suppose thousands of others, thought about it. Condensed, his statements are: The men in the ranks fought for home rule, local self-government, separate national independence, with slavery as an incident. No one is likely to believe that that rank and file reasoned out such conditions when they were enlisted—or conscripted. They simply followed their leaders. The motive of those leaders, the agitators and advocates of secession, he says was the perpetuation of slavery as a means of wealth. But even before 1863 the soldiers were beginning to talk of its being a rich man's war and a poor man's fight; and had the maintenance of slavery been officially proclaimed as the object for which alone the war was waged, the author asserts that the men-at-arms, two-thirds of whom never owned a slave, would have disbanded themselves and have gone home in ten days. Capt. Oates was very close to the men in the ranks, and he distinctly knew their sentiments. But he does not add that "the Congress of Bourbon incapables," as he styles the Confederate legislators, succeeded in impressing the soldiers with one set of principles while they sedulously cultivated another. As early as February, 1863, Capt. Oates thought out a plan by which the negro who was honorably discharged after Confederate enlistment should be forever free and receive eighty acres of land, while gradual emancipation should be provided for his wife and children. This was regarded by "the legislative dotards," as he pleasantly calls them, "as the vagaries of a young man's enthusiasm." When ruin stared them in the face, and after all the military leaders, in some form or other, had advocated arming the blacks, the Richmond Congress, in an act approved March 13, 1865, four weeks before Appomattox, authorized the employment of negro troops whose relation to slavery should be changed only by their owners' consent and the operation of State laws. That was the domestic institution and State rights sure enough! "A negro who did not have sense enough, under that law, to have deserted to the enemy at the first opportunity would have been too much of an idiot to have made a soldier" is a verbatim extract which shows both the author's sentiments and his style. We may safely leave the subject with Gov. Oates's mature judgment: "The institution of slavery had probably existed as long as it was of any utility as a civilizer of the African race, and as long as it was of any real benefit to the white race." "After slavery was practically dead, the Confederacy clung to the putrid body and expired with it." "But the utility of such Government [established by the combatant help of its slaves] remains in the obscurity of speculation."

A copious appendix is occupied with regimental history, charged with curious information as to the peculiarities of the men. It also reflects the writer, honest and artless. One example must be quoted: At Chickamauga "I slapped him on the shoulder and said to him, 'Tommie, my boy, give it to them.' He turned up his beautiful blue eyes, which were slightly crossed, his young face all begrimed with powder, and smilingly said, 'That is what I am doing, Colonel.'" One minute later "little Tommie was lying there, his brains shot out and he entirely dead."

We have given so much space to this book, which in one sense is worthless and in another is of the highest importance as a revelation of men, because, after four full years of fighting, the author was in the Alabama Legislature for two years, a member of two State Constitutional conventions, for fourteen years a Representative in Congress, Governor of Alabama, and a brigadier-general in the Spanish war. He certainly should be a typical Alabamian, so that even at this expense the operation of his mind is worth understanding. Full of errors in proper names, not to be depended upon for facts at second hand, sometimes mistaken in judgment, this is a document that real historians will absorb in their study of the men who, reckless of life and full of provincial patriotism, sacrificed so much in an unavailing effort to maintain that a part is better, if not greater, than the whole.

Protection in France. By H. O. Meredith. London: P. S. King. 1904.

The Progress of the German Working Classes in the Last Quarter of a Century. By W. J. Ashley. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Current discussions of the fiscal controversy in Great Britain cover an ever-widening range of mooted questions, as the volumes now before us plainly indicate. First it was the real or imagined needs of the British Empire about which the Chamberlainites were concerned; then the necessity of retaliating upon protectionist countries supplied a text for the agitators; again it was the alleged decay of English industries under the malign influence of "dumping" that alarmed all patriotic souls; and now it is the experience of other countries that must be considered in order to gain real insight into the needs of the hour; hence these studies by Messrs. Meredith and Ashley.

'Protection in France' is one of a series of books upon "Protection in All Countries" to which Mr. W. H. Dawson has already contributed a very good volume upon Germany and Mr. A. Maurice Low a very bad volume upon the United States. Mr. Meredith begins by sketching the history of French commercial policy during the nineteenth century, pointing out that the period of severe restriction from 1792 to 1852 corresponds with the "setback towards extreme protection" which resulted in England from the Napoleonic wars; that the liberal policy under the Second Empire followed shortly the reforms of Huskisson, Peel, and Gladstone; and that the reaction toward higher duties which produced the French tariff of 1881 has its English counterpart in the agitation of the "fair traders" during the eighties and the "tariff reformers" of the present day. Had he been writing for German readers, he could have pointed out similar resemblances between successive stages of English and German tariff history.

In explaining the changes of French policy, Mr. Meredith finds it convenient to draw a distinction between what he calls "scientific" and "mercantilistic" protec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionism. The "scientific" protectionists, he says, recognize the general disadvantages of interfering with the natural course of trade, but believe that the particular circumstances of a backward country, like Germany prior to 1860, or a new country, like the United States, justify a temporary departure from the commercial policy that is best for such a country as Great Britain. The "mercantilistic" protectionists, on the other hand, still cling to the unintelligent superstitions of the seventeenth century concerning the balance of trade, the possibility of selling without buying, and the like. French protectionism of the last fifty years has been almost exclusively of the mercantilistic type, as exemplified by Thiers, Quertier, and Méline. Opposed to it there has been, of course, the small body of able free traders; but "scientific" protectionism has never made great headway in France.

In a most interesting manner Mr. Meredith then interprets the development of French tariff policy since 1850. Under the Second Empire the Government favored liberal policies, but the mercantile protectionists "were influential in the country, and had working majorities in both houses." Accordingly, while inclining toward the free traders, the Government sought to defend the policy of tariff reduction by arguments not inconsistent with the theories of mercantile protectionism. This it did by arguing that protective duties should not exceed the difference between the domestic and the foreign costs of production, and showing that, judged by this standard, existing duties were too high. Upon this theory the "conventional tariff" of 1861 was based, and in it the Government of the Second Empire never wavered. The result was, however, that the French tariff was liberalized upon protectionist principles, the free traders acepting a half loaf as better than no bread; so that the people of the country were never educated in the doctrines of free trade. It was natural, too, that when, after 1873, agricultural and other imports began to flow into the country in increasing volume, the protectionists should accept this as proof that, even upon the theory of the existing tariffs, duties were too low. Therefore, mercantile protectionism speedily gained the ascendency, and only a few resolute free traders have been found to lift their voices in opposition. From 1880 to 1892 the application of seventeenth-century notions to nineteenth-century policies became increasingly strict, until in M. Méline, the French McKinley, mercantile protectionism found its stoutest and most unenlightened advocate.

The effects of the tariffs of 1881 and 1892 Mr. Meredith has no difficulty in proving unfortunate. Neither agriculture nor manufactures, neither the laborer nor his employer, has prospered as it was confidently predicted that he would do, while a general "slackening in the growth of the trade of France" has been increasingly in evidence. The present tariff is as full of anomalies and crass absurdities as the McKinley or Dingley acts with which Americans are so sadly familiar. Mr. Meredith's general conclusion is that the intelligent student must condemn the existing system, whether he be inclined to hope for much or little from "scientific" protectionism. From any standpoint, except that of seventeenth-century mercantilism, the work of M. Méline is a dismal failure.

Professor Ashley's study of the German working classes is written, of course, from the standpoint of one who would wish to be considered a "scientific" protectionist. Its purpose is to show that "Germany has actually witnessed a great advance in the well-being of the masses of her people during the last quarter of a century—a period in which she has also been pursuing a policy of protection." The reason for the book's appearance seems to be that some of Mr. Chamberlain's unpatriotic opponents have argued that the condition of Germany should deter Great Britain from adopting a similar commercial policy. In order to demonstrate that the "advocates of tariff inaction" are mistaken in their references to Germany, Professor Ashley examines at considerable length the available evidence concerning the condition of the German people during the past generation. The agricultural classes, the workpeople in manufactures, the growth of savings banks, the progress of coöperative stores, statistics of meat consumption, facts concerning emigration, housing conditions, and many similar topics, are passed in review, the usual outcome being that a considerable improvement seems to be apparent. Finally, a chapter is devoted to the crisis of 1901—which some misguided souls had accepted as proof that protection does not give complete immunity from fluctuations in industry—and it is argued that the affair was not much of a depression anyhow, and that the country speedily recovered from it.

But the most significant feature of the book is not the facts presented, but the use which Professor Ashley makes of them. To a Méline or a McKinley, the progress of Germany during the last thirty-five years, be it small or great, would be proof positive that the whole movement was due to high protection, even though a high tariff was not adopted until 1879. But Professor Ashley has a scientific reputation to lose, and is, moreover, writing for an audience taught by men like Cobden and Bright, so that he does not play fast and loose with all rules of logic—and dictates of common sense. Therefore, he says: "It should, however, be perfectly clear that it is no part of my present contention that German progress in general material prosperity has been the result of protection; it will be quite sufficient for my present purpose if I can produce a realization of the fact that protection has not been inconsistent with—has, if you like, not prevented—a great advance." If the school of Smith and Ricardo and Cobden had done nothing more than produce an intellectual environment in which a militant protectionist finds it expedient to move thus circumspectly, it would be abundantly justified by its works. It is worth while to reflect upon the fact that in no other country—and not in England before the day of Cobden—has there ever existed such an intelligent body of economic opinion, which even a Protectionist must respect; and one may well wonder how long such conditions would survive a definitive triumph of Chamberlainism over Cobdenism. Professor Ashley, of course, was born in an age of enlightenment, and is not likely to relapse into seventeenth-century darkness. But how about a subsequent generation, knowing nothing of Smith, Ricardo, and Cobden? The Manchester School seems, after all, to have spread popular enlightenment upon the most difficult of economic questions. Can we expect as much from the Birmingham School of which Mr. Chamberlain is the political Boanerges, and Professor Ashley the leading "scientific" protagonist?

Chatham. By Frederic Harrison. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

A good deal of misunderstanding exists concerning the position which English Liberals, not of Lord Rosebery's school, hold with regard to colonies and Imperialism. Mr. Morley, for example, during his recent visit to this continent, took pains more than once to disclaim before Canadian audiences the idea that he was a Little Englander. On one occasion, at least, he boldly defied any one to produce from his "overabundant" speeches and writings any passage that voiced a wish to get rid of the colonies. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his followers, though the fact is far from being generally recognized, do not hold the position adopted by Lord Sherbrooke a generation ago. We make this preliminary statement because some readers might hold Mr. Harrison to be precluded by his political views from writing a sympathetic and adequate book on Chatham. But in point of fact no one who has dealt of late with the career of the Great Commoner has shown a deeper admiration of his nobler and more positive qualities. Cromwell urged the artist to paint him as he was, and Mr. Harrison looks upon Chatham as being a man lofty enough to have the full truth said about him.

The standard of measurement is given on the first page of the volume:

"In eight centuries," says Mr. Harrison, "our country has known but four great creative statesmen: men who, to use the words of a well-known historian, have been 'founders or creators of a new order of things.' William the Conqueror made all England an organic nation. Edward I. conceived and founded Great Britain. Cromwell made the United Kingdom and founded our Sea Power. Chatham made the Colonial System, and was the founder of the Empire. For good and for evil, through heroism and through spoliation, with all its fast and far-reaching consequences—industrial, economic, social, and moral—the foundation of the Empire was the work of Chatham. He changed the course of England's history—nay, the course of modern history."

From this passage it will be seen that Mr. Harrison rates Pitt's achievement as highly as ever it has been estimated by his most fervent admirers of the imperialist type. Furthermore, he is at some pains to repel or mitigate the criticisms which had been directed against the statesman's foibles and tricks of manner, including what Macaulay has to say about the crutch and the flannels.

Where there is such full recognition at the outset of Chatham's remarkable rôle in the modern development of England, one is led to conjecture what Mr. Harrison will have to say regarding the faults of temper and the other traits that marred the effectiveness of a genius otherwise so potent. As every one knows, Pitt ceased, from the moment when he entered the House of Lords, to hold a party together or direct the course of the national policy. Likewise, every one realizes, to a certain extent, how hampered he was by physical infirmities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We doubt, however, whether it is universally known that, besides suffering agonies from hereditary gout, the whole working of his mind was conditioned by the effect it had upon him. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, when writing his 'Life of Shelburne,' asked Sir Andrew Clarke for an opinion regarding Chatham's malady and its mental consequences. The statement which he received from the great doctor runs as follows: "Suppressed gout disordered the whole nervous system, and drove him into a state of mental depression, varying with excitement and equivalent to insanity. But there was no specific brain disease." Mr. Harrison's whole judgment of Chatham's later acts hinges upon the belief that he not only overestimated his powers as a party leader after he had entered the peerage, but could not command his faculties for any considerable length of time. Many of his contemporaries thought he was simply acting a part. This view Mr. Harrison repudiates with energy. "The fortunes," he says, "of England were delivered over to the perverse ambition of a dogged King, to the mischievous counsels of a distracted ministry, whilst the greatest brain and the finest soul of the age lay as it were in some mysterious trance."

Mr. Harrison (and this seems to us the gist of his book) looks upon Chatham as a just and humane imperialist, who might, but for the perversity of fate, have been expected to hold in check the baser impulses that were encouraged by England's successes in the Seven Years' War. Having the reputation of a great war minister, he is wrongly supposed to have loved war for itself. But though in his youth a cornet of the Blues, he never saw active service, and it would be impossible to prove that he had any lust of military glory. When he became prime minister, the fortunes of his country were in a desperate state, and it was his duty to retrieve the situation. He also saw what possibilities of colonial expansion lay before a maritime and self-governing people like the English. Had he been unhampered by colleagues, he would never have signed a peace with France until she had lost all of her colonial possessions and been forced to recognize in Prussia a Power of the first rank. Mr. Harrison doubts whether such overtopping success would in the long run have been a good thing for England; but, for Pitt's conduct of the Seven Years' War, he has no essential condemnation. He points out that the loss of life during the struggle was slight in comparison with the issues at stake, and exonerates Chatham from all charge of having had that craving for military fame which marks Alexander and Napoleon. "His wars were singularly sparing of blood, suffering, and ruin, to the victors as to the conquered. They have resulted in permanent conquests and settlements unexampled in modern history."

Although Chatham had wrought his life's work prior to 1762, and after that date suffered a considerable loss of reputation, we doubt whether Mr. Harrison would rate him so highly were it not for those traits which received illustration during the years when he was out of office. Shackled to a certain extent by his chivalrous regard for George III., he could never as a minister have been a party to the follies of the Stamp Act or have approached the Americans in any other spirit save that of fairness and generosity. A single vigorous phrase sums up his whole position in the matter. The Americans, he said, were the sons of England, and not her bastards. The word "conciliation" is one of the commonest terms which has come down to us from the great debates that culminated in 1775. But such conciliation as was desired by Chatham and Burke did not have its roots in any narrow motives of policy or desire for momentary advantage. For the élite of English statesmen and thinkers, the Americans were full partners in the imperial concern. Dr. Johnson may at first sight seem an exception, but his prejudice against the Americans was based, ostensibly at least, upon the fact that, while vociferously talking the language of freedom, they did nothing to emancipate the slaves. In the case of Chatham there was no wavering or inconsistency, and Mr. Harrison gives him credit for having done his best to check the excesses of the imperial movement which he had stimulated by winning the victories of the Seven Years' War.

Pitt's affectations and overbearing ways are not left out of sight in this study, nor is there any disposition on Mr. Harrison's part to disregard any of the shortcomings that rendered him a difficult colleague; but there remain after this candid and searching inquiry the same nobility of soul, scorn of petty self-seeking, breadth of outlook, and sublimity of purpose which made Pitt in his own day the idol of the whole English world.

Picturesque English Cottages and their Doorway Gardens. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S. With a prefatory note by Ralph Adams Cram. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1905. Pp. 112, 140 ills.

Of late many excellent books upon the minor domestic buildings of rural England have found their way from the press. Most of these are devoted to the buildings of a single county or to those of a group of counties in which similar influences have given rise to buildings that have a common likeness. Thus, Mr. Ralph Nevill has made an excellent book about 'Old Cottage and Domestic Architecture in Southwest Surrey'; Mr. W. Galsworthy Davie has photographed the old cottages of Kent and Sussex, and Mr. E. Guy Dawber has written a most valuable account of their planning and construction and the changes which their design underwent in successive generations. The same authors have performed a similar work for 'The Old Cottages, Farm Houses and Other Stone Buildings of the Cotswold District.' Mr. James Parkinson has photographed the minor half-timber buildings of Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Cheshire, and Mr. E. A. Ould has furnished the book with an introducion that worthily supplements its pictures.

To these must now be added Mr. Ditchfield's 'Picturesque English Cottages,' less technical than the others, equally well illustrated, and covering the field more broadly. For more reasons than one, it is well that serious study is being given to these simple but beautiful buildings. Changes are going on rapidly in England, and old cottages are constantly disappearing under the pressure of an increasing population. Even though the intrusion of modern buildings into English villages may not be causing a very rapid destruction of the beautiful cottages that form such an attractive feature of English rural scenery, yet the process is steady and unarrestable. Apart from this, however, it is most satisfactory to have at hand illustrations of a wealth of examples and well-written accounts of the construction and local peculiarities of a class of buildings from which we, if we could rightly interpret them, should learn much that might add to the reasonableness and beauty of our own houses. For, after all, reasonableness and beauty are the two predominating qualities of English cottages. Reasonable they always are, suited to the needs of the people who built them and made of the materials of their own district, thus having the inevitable charm of a well-marked local character. Incontestably beautiful they are, whether in the half-timber work of the well-wooded southern counties or of the Welsh border, or in the warm-toned brickwork of East Anglia, or in the fine oölitic stone that extends in a broad band from Somerset to Yorkshire and gives the distinguishing characteristics to the cottages of the Cotswold district, so different in all ways, save in their reasonableness and beauty, from those of the south and west.

Spontaneous they are, too, and not striven for with evident effort, as is all but the best of our work to-day. The way of their building was traditional, handed down from father to son, yet free from monotony and filled with the individuality of time and place. It is this spontaneousness, this inevitable quality resultant from an unaffected solution of a simple problem with the materials nearest at hand, that gives them that intimate alliance with their surroundings, that tieing in with the landscape, which not even the dullest can fail to note in them. The best of them, those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were built at a time when what flickering spark was left from the Gothic art of the Middle Ages had in cities been smothered by the advancing tide of the Renaissance, while in villages and throughout the country the tradition of that great art was preserved, not in its mere form, but far more vitally in its spirit. Those were the days when, in the country at least, and away from the sophisticating influence of the "new learning," men built instinctively with truth and beauty. That instinct is utterly lost. If to-day we find a simple beautiful house, it is because some one with a sense keener than his fellows for making a thing of beauty, some one trained for years in his art and craft, has given his best thought to the work, and has been, for once, favored by circumstances less antagonistic to the making of a work of beauty than have usually beset him. But the common country builders who made the English cottages, untrained as they were in all that goes to what we deem the making of an architect, reached simple beauty with a certainty and directness that failed as seldom as our effort to reach it succeeds.

It is, therefore, because of the high value to us of the instinctive art of these old buildings that we welcome Mr. Ditchfield's book. Its many illustrations are chosen with care, to show the variety of design prevailing in different parts of Eng-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land and in different centuries. The text, covering as it does such subjects as methods of construction, influence of material, the evolution of the cottage, foreign influence upon it, the cottage garden and its flowers, is entertaining, and by no means too technical for the uninstructed reader. Were it not for its binding, the book would be wholly without blemish. As it is, the man who clothed so excellent a work in so tasteless, so utterly inappropriate a cover, should tender his humblest apologies to its outraged author.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison's Selected Writings. Edited by Barrett Wendell and Chester N. Greenough. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Ames, V. B. Matrimonial Primer. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Bagot, Richard. The Passport. Harpers. $1.50.
Barr, Amelia E. Cecilia's Lovers. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bayne, Charles J. Perdita, and Other Poems. Atlanta, Ga.: Cole Book Co. $1.25 net.
Birrell, Augustine. Andrew Marvell. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Blackmore's Lorna Doone. Edited by Albert L. Barbour. Macmillan Co.
Blake, Katherine D., and George Alexander. Graded Poetry Readers. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4. Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Borrow, George. Romano Lavo-Lil. Putnams. $2 net.
Cadogan, Edward. Makers of Modern History. James Pott & Co. $2.25 net.
Capart, Jean. Primitive Art in Egypt. Translated by A. S. Griffith. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Romance of the French Abbeys. Putnams. $3 net.
Chase, Leslie. Political X-Rays. The Grafton Press. $1.50 net.
Crapsey, Algernon S. Religion and Politics. Thomas Whittaker.
Curtis, Olin A. The Christian Faith. Eaton & Mains. $2.50 net.
Davis, Elizabeth H. For Each Day of Prayer. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.25.
Dix, Beulah Marie. The Fair Maid of Graystones. Macmillan. $1.50.
Donnell, Annie Hamilton. Rebecca Mary. Harpers. $1.50.
Douglas, Amanda M. A Little Girl in Old San Francisco. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Douglas, James. Old France in the New World. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.
Fielding's Selected Essays. Edited by Gordon H. Gerould. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Flint, Austin. Handbook of Physiology. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Forman, Justus Miles. The Island of Enchantment. Harpers. $1.75.
Gilder, Richard Watson. "In the Heights." Century Co. $1 net.
Goodwin, Frank. A Treatise on the Law of Real Property. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4 net.
Goodyear, Wm. Henry. Edinburgh Architectural Association's Illustrated Catalogue of Photographs and Surveys of Architectural Refinements in Mediæval Buildings. Edinburgh.
Gordon, John B. Reminiscences of the Civil War. New ed. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Gosse, Edmund. French Profiles. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Gray's and Collins's Poems. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Griffith, J. Quintin. Helps and Hints in Nursing. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.50.
Haggard, H. Rider. The Poor and the Land. Longmans. 75 cents.
Hall, A. Neely. The Boy Craftsman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.
Harland, Marion. When Grandmamma Was Fourteen. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.25.
Hartshorne, Charles H. Courts and Procedure in England and in New Jersey. Newark: Soney & Sage.
Healey, Patrick. The Valerian Persecution. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Hess, Isabella. Saint Cecilia of the Court. Fleming H Revell Co. $1.25.
Hill, George William, The Collected Mathematical Works of. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Historians' History of the World. Edited by Henry S. Williams. Vol. XXV., Index. The Outlook Co.
Houghton, Louise Seymour. Telling Bible Stories. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Howard, Prof. G. E. Preliminaries of the Revolution. Harpers. $2.
Iota. Patricia: A Mother. Appleton.
Jacob, Violet. The Golden Heart. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.
Jenks, Tudor. Captain Myles Standish. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Jenks, Tudor. The Days of Milton. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net.
Jordan, Kate. Time the Comedian. Appleton. $1.50.
Kerr, Robert P. The Blue Flag. Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publication. 75 cents.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Latham, Charles. The Gardens of Italy. Description by G. March Phillipps. 2 vols. Scribners. $18 net.
Leech, John. Pictures of Life and Character. Putnams. $1.50.
Le Strange, G. The Lands of the Eastern Caliphate. Macmillan Co. $4.
Lewis & Clark Expedition, Original Journals. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. VI. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Libraries of Chicago. The Chicago Library Club.
Little, Archibald. The Far East. Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d.
Liquor Problem, The. Prepared by John S. Billings and Others. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Lloyd, Nelson, Mrs. Radigan. Scribners. $1.
Lohmeyer's Geissbub von Engelberg. Edited by Wilhelm Bernhardt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Mabie, Hamilton W. A Book of Old English Love Songs. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Macgregor, Mary. Stories of King Arthur's Knights, told to the Children. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50c.
McKean, Thomas. The Vortex. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Menpes, Mortimer. Brittany. Text by Dorothy Menpes. Macmillan Co. $6.
Millar, A. H. Mary Queen of Scots: Her Life Story. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Mother Goose Melodies. Introduction by Edward E. Hale. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Ober, Frederick A. Hernando Cortés. Harpers. $1 net.
Orczy, Baroness. The Scarlet Pimpernel. Putnams. $1.50.
Pier, Arthur S. The American Grudge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Plavti. Comœdiæ. Edited by W. M. Lindsay. Henry Frowde.
Pope's Rape of the Lock. Edited by Elizabeth M. King. Macmillan Co.
Poulsson, Emile. The Runaway Donkey. Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.
Promise of American Architecture, The. Compiled by Charles Moore, Washington.
Pryor, Mrs. Roger A. Reminiscences of Peace and War. New edition. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Baum, L. Frank. Queen Zixi of Ix. Century Co. $1.50.
Read, Craveth. The Metaphysics of Nature. Macmillan Co. $2.75.
Reinsch, Paul S. Colonial Administration. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Ridges, Edward Wavell. Constitutional Law of England. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4 net.
Schouler, James. Law of the Domestic Relations.—The Law of Bailments. Student's Edition: Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 each.
Shearer, J. B. *Modern Mysticism. Richmond*, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publication. 75 cents net.
Shelley's Poetical Works. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Henry Frowde. Also, Indian thin paper edition.
Shields, Charles Woodruff. Philosophia Ultima. Vol. III. Scribners. $3 net.
Skae, Hilda T. The Life of Mary Queen of Scots. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Smith, F. E., and N. W. Sibley. International Law as Interpreted During the Russo-Japanese War. Boston: The Boston Book Co.
Smythe, William E. Constructive Democracy. Macmillan Co.
Stevenson's St. Ives.—Wrong Box.—Complete Poems. Scribners. $1.
Stoddard, W. O. Dan Monroe. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.25.
Strang, Herbert. The Adventures of Harry Rochester. Putnams.
Street, George E. Mount Desert. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Tennyson: A Memoir, by his Son. New edition. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Thomas à Kempis. The Imitation of Christ. Translated by John Payne. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Thurston, Katherine Cecil. The Gambler. Harpers. $1.50.
Tooker, L. Frank. Under Rocking Skies. Century Co. $1.50.
Van Tyne, Claude Halstead. The American Revolution. Vol. 9 of the American Nation. Harpers. $2 net.
Wagner, Charles. Justice. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1 net.
Warner, George H. The Jewish Spectre. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.
Watson, Edward W. Old Lamps and New. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Co.
Wellford, E. T. The Lynching of Jesus. Newport News, Va. 50 cents.
Wells, Carolyn. Patty in the City. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
White, Eliza Orne. An Only Child. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Whitehouse, Wm. Fitzhugh. Charles Duke of Brunswick. London: Elliot Stock.
Wilde, Oscar. Intentions. Brentano's. $1.50 net.
Yechton, Barbara. Sunday Talks with Boys and Girls. Thomas Whittaker. $1.25 net.

OUR PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

By H. P. WILLIS. $1.50 *net* (by mail $1.62).

"A keen, exhaustive, and merciless criticism of the whole Philippine experiment. . . . His unsparing analysis of all the departments of Philippine government must (however) command respect as able, honest, and sincere. . . . No other book contains more solid truth, or a greater section of the truth."

—*Springfield Republican.*

Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN SETS

Balzac, Brontë, Bulwer, Carlyle, Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, De Foe, Eliot, Fielding, Gibbon, Guizot, Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving, Macaulay, Poe, Reade, Ruskin, Scott, Smollett, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Tolstoi.

Send for Descriptive Booklet.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO. New York

WALT WHITMAN The only life of this great writer is published in the Beacon Biographies. Beautiful photogravure frontispiece. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price 75 cents net.

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
31 Arrow Street Cambridge, Mass.

LIBRARY SERVICE

We aim to serve librarians with the greatest efficiency. We have

(1.) Competent and thoroughly equipped book men.
(2.) The largest miscellaneous book stock in New York City.
(3.) A valuable line of order lists —as follows—

A. Monthly Bulletin of the Latest and Best Selling Books.
B. Standard Library Catalogue.
C. Clearance Catalogue.

Do You Get These? Sent Free.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS.
33-37 E. 17th St., Union Sq., North, New York

The **Astor Edition of Poets**

is the best for schools and colleges. 93 vols. List price, 60c. per vol. (price to schools 40c.).

SEND FOR LIST

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York

ON OUR LOTHROP LIST

The Little Green Door.
By Mary E. Stone Bassett
Postpaid, $1.50.
Send for our FREE Book List
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

The Classics and Modern Training

A series of addresses suggestive of the value of classical studies to education.

By SIDNEY G. ASHMORE, L.H.D.
Professor of Latin in Union University.

12mo. Net, $1.25. (By mail, $1.35)

"Every one who places utility, practicability, and material gain above everything else, who imagines that these things are alone worth striving for, may read Prof. Ashmore's book with profit to himself and to those upon whom his works and enterprises cast an influence."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Has the distinct merit of shunning loose talk and laying stress upon more sensible arguments than are usually employed in the debate between classics and science."
—*The Nation*

Send for new Illustrated Catalogue.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 & 29 West 23d St., N.Y.

PETER'S MOTHER

By MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED